PUBLISHED BY
AUL RAYMOND
1.50

INTERNATIONAL club

FRANCE Francs 36, ITALY Lire 6400, AUSTRIA AS 65, SWITZERLAND Francs 6.2, GERMANY DM 16, NETHERLANDS Gld 9.9, SPAIN Ptas 700

VOLUME 17 NUMBER 8

BELINDA CARLISLE-HEAVEN!

ANDREA CLARKE TAKES IT DOWN

SNAPPED: RAQUEL WELCH

SEX WITH STACY
She likes it hard

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

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CLUB
POUR HOMMES
LES ABLUTIONS TIMIDES DES FRANÇAIS: C'EST DU PROPRE!
FLEETWOOD MAC: UN TANGO LANGOUREUX
JULIENNE, ROSE ET GARANCE: QUELLE BANDE!
MACRO SEINS: LES BOUCHEES DOUBLES
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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENC

GA GROOVY STABLEMATE

Cover girl Stacy Winfield looks mean, moody and magnificent. Just the way we like 'em.

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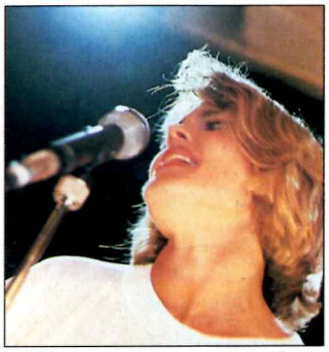

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Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. Tel: 01-734 9191. Filmset by Crawley Composition Ltd, Crawley, Sussex. Colour by Technik, Berkhamstead, printed Web Offset by HunterPrint Group Plc. Fiction; all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely that it shall not, without the consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. All contributions, including colour transparencies or photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk, and while every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, nor its agents, accept liability for loss or damage. Distributed by COMAG, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7OE (West Drayton 4405). Telex 8813787 COMAG G. © Paul Raymond Publications 1988.

TEASE!

THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

Stacy – armed and very dangerous!

The Editor has got a thing about my tits. He's been trying to get a look at them for months. He sits with them at eye level when we're "in conference" (*Fnnrr, fnnrr – Ed*) so they can dangle in his face while I'm giving him instructions. He waits behind doors so that when I come through, the G-force bounces him into touch. He writes about them in *Coming in Club* to advertise this issue.

It's not that they're that big. Really. (*You don't think 37DD is big?! – Ed.*) It's just that they stick out a long way. I can't remember the last time I saw my feet, even when I'm sitting down. Every time I try to run, I get a couple of black eyes. It can be a bit of a hindrance, having stonking great knockers. But I wouldn't be without them.

It seems that the Ed isn't the only one who wants to cop a squint at my infamous melons, either. Since their first mention, I've been deluged with requests for my centrefold debut. All I can say is, when the Ed makes me an offer I can't refuse, I'll be there.

But until then, you'll have to make do with what's on offer in this month's issue – not that it'll take much effort with *these* luscious girls. I'm certain there's more than enough tit (and everything else) for you to be going on with, as you can see from the examples we have here. Well worth a hand shandy any day of the week.

Meanwhile, I have developed a thing about the Ed's packet. As in pay packet, that is. So I'm off to crack the whip in that direction. – *Clare "Dominant" Dowse* ♣

Tanya knows both her good points

Keep your hair on!

The Braddons: Britain's randies couple

Janette's a real Latin lovely

Above: Yvette bends over backwards. Below: Caroline plays the game

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

Parisienne Natalie obviously tickled the French fancy of a great many Club readers on her first appearance back in May: the mailbag nearly gave the poor postie a coronary. So, especially for Chris and Graham of Leeds, Peter of Chelmsford, Bonking Barry of Rugby and Adrian T. of Sudbury, to name but a very few, here is the delightful coquette once again.♣

IN·THE·BAG

In The Bag, in the bedroom or in the laundry basket – wherever you do it, tell us about it. And tell your favourite girls what you'd like to do to them, too: you'll get a personal reply in ITB. So get writing to the only men's mag that treats its readers' letters seriously. The address: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Top Ten Corner

1. Debbie Gibson – singer
2. Debbie Thrower – newsreader
3. Maria Walliser – skier
4. Michaela Strachan – Wide Awake Club
5. Keren – Bananarama
6. Terri Lally – Carol Mackay in Take The High Road
7. Emma Wray – actress
8. Kylie Minogue – singer/actress
9. Kathy Tayler – TV presenter
10. Gee Armitage – jockey

Stanley, Edinburgh

All In The Family

I thought I'd write and tell you how my sister and I seduced a friend of the family who was staying with us at the time.

Our parents had gone out for the evening, so my sister Sharon, this lad Paul and I were all watching the telly and drinking some wine. I was lying on the sofa in my short nightie – minus my undies. I noticed Paul having a few quick glances at me, so I gave him something to look at. I pulled my nightie up a bit so he could get an eyeful of my cunt, and I started to wiggle about. I gave Sharon a grin, because we both noticed the bulge growing in his pants.

Sharon got up and offered to fill his glass with more wine, accidentally-on-purpose spilling it all over his trousers. We both insisted that he took them off so they could dry properly. As he lowered his trousers, his enormous hard-on sprang out. I couldn't hold myself back after seeing the size of it. I just had to go down on it. One minute my lips were nuzzling his pubes, then next they were tickling the tip of his cock.

While I was enjoying myself, Sharon was stripping off. She pulled him down on to the floor and sat on his face. I then lowered myself on to his cock and guided it into my cunt. I started groaning; never had I had such a massive tool up me before. I was in a world of my own until Paul started moaning loudly, as what felt like three gallons of cum gushed into my cunt. Sharon then got up and started to kiss his balls until he was fully erect again. Paul bent her over the chair and entered her from behind; she was loving it.

All too soon we had to get dressed before my parents got back. I've sneaked into his bedroom a few times since then and I love having that cock all to myself. The night before he went, my mother had a big meal for him and his parents. I couldn't let him go without one last shag, so we sneaked into the garden and had a great time! – *Tracey, Cumbria*

First Time Lucky

I've just bought Club (Vol 17 No 4) for the first time and was knocked for six by the stunningly beautiful girls in the sexiest, cock-stiffening poses I've ever seen. The pictures of Jackie, who just looks as if she's begging you to do the filthiest things to her, immediately had me unfastening my pants to release a fast-growing hard-on. By the time I'd gazed at Andrea's perfect arse and

SHOCK TREATMENT

WIN! TEN VIDEOS

Yep, it's competition time again, and those splendid chaps at Electric Blue have given us ten of their latest offering, *Electric Blue 27 (where do they get these titles from? – Ed)*. And instead of snaffling them for when we get a quiet day in the Editorial Room (we wouldn't *dream* of it), we've decided to let you lot have them instead. So don't say we never give you anything.

The vid itself is full of the hot, cock-tickling action you're used to seeing in all the other *Electric Blue* movies – and more besides. Allan "Not Quite Barry Norman" Bryce is a firm believer in the medicinal qualities of all these *Electric Blue* tapes, and they're not half bad for exercising your pecker as well. And who would be able to resist the assortment of boobs and bums that *EB* are so famous for? See his review in our *Taped!* column, if you want to know more.

Meanwhile, to get your hands on the thing, take a butcher's at the picture we've got here. It's called "Shagbag on the Shagpile" and before you mess up your trousers, we want to know What Happened Next, in the best David Coleman tradition. Yup, what occurred directly after this shot was taken? The ten people who come up with the wittiest, most original, smartarse entries cop the loot – so while the Ed slopes off to ask Shagbag exactly what *did* Happen Next, get your entries in to: Shagbag Competition, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. So get in there fast, before the Ed does. ♣

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

..

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT ....

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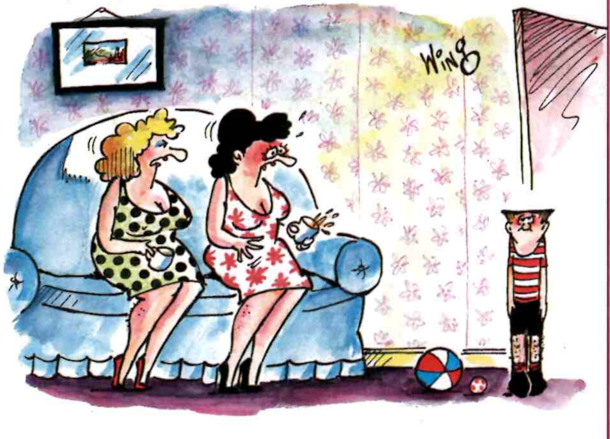


Nigel was a test tube baby!

inviting smile, and watched Rachel lifting up her pullover to show off her soft-looking, rounded tits, my prick was starting to throb pleasurably.

When I got to Julia, spreadeagled across the centre pages, her pussy aching for a fuck, I felt the first tingles of orgasm. But the last straw was, amazingly, a tiny little picture of Clara (from Vol 16 No 13) at the bottom of page 83. I didn't even have time to grab a tissue when I saw her! My cock just pumped its spunk uncontrollably. No magazine has ever given me such a fantastic wank.

Having read the two letters in praise of the succulent Clara I *beg* you to show her again! If that one picture is anything to go by, those letters are an understatement. I'm desperate to see a full set of Clara! Please help – and congratulations on the best magazine around by miles! – *FR, Stockport*

Well, shucks, it was nothing, really . . . – Ed.

Sucker For Bare Feet

I am writing to you to say I think your magazine is great – I get it every month.

But I do have one gripe. You always cut the *feet* from a lot of the pictures of the girls, especially if the girls are in bare feet. If the girls are shod or have stockings on, you show their feet, but if they are all barefoot and naked you don't include them fully in the picture.

I have a smashing girlfriend who lets me suck her toes when we are screwing, and it really makes my orgasm much more intense as I get a great view of my cock going into her slit with her toes in my mouth. It's great, but she hasn't wanked me off yet with her bare feet. Soon I hope, soon!

But what I really live for is the day when I'll see on the front of Club – "The girls go barefoot in the park". How about it? – *LW, Norwich*

Hen Party Part Two

I can't tell you how excited I was to read my letter in Vol 17 No 4 recently – and it proved to me your letters ARE genuine *(Oooh, you cynic, you! – Ed)*. Jane (one of the girls I fucked and am still fucking) was more worried that Kelly's new hubby might find out what she got up to on her hen night, as his stag night was all booze and no sex!

Jane did want me to write again and tell you about the recent escapade involving her mother, Diana. As I said, since that first night I've continued seeing Jane about once a week for sex; recently she phoned me at work and asked me to come round to her flat that evening. When I arrived at 8pm as arranged, the door was opened not by Jane, but by her mother, Diana. I immediately expected a bollocking for shafting her daughter, but instead I was asked in.

Jane explained her mother had left her husband and was stopping with her for a few days. Her hubby must have been mad, because Diana was a cracker – and I immediately fancied her.

continued on page 26

Dear Tabitha,

I've just bought The Best of Club International No 14, and to say I was turned on when I saw you would be the understatement of the year. Everything about you got me going, but your bum drove me wild. I've never seen such a kissable arse in my life, and I don't think I will again (until I see yours again, that is).

Actually, I did write a much filthier letter to you, but I chickened out. I only hope that this letter is still able to convey just how highly I think of you. Thanks for being so bloody sexy! – *Paul, Walsall*

Tabitha replies: *You chickened out? What a coward! I actually like getting dirty letters, Paul, so feel free to write me one if you want. I'm quite a dirty girl, really.*

TOP TITS

Very occasionally, I have a dream about a girl with the biggest tits you've ever seen. She stands in front of me, totally naked. Then she picks up a shirt three sizes too small and shoehorns herself into it. The material strains under the pressure of her breathtaking bazoomas.

Then, with a mighty forward thrust of her chest, the sound of the shirt ripping open assails my ears as I duck to avoid the flying buttons. There's a biff as the liberated mammaries wallop into my face.

Some dream, eh? Mind you, I have a confession to make . . . I don't have it occasionally at all. No, I have it every fucking night! – *Gary Garbonza* ♣

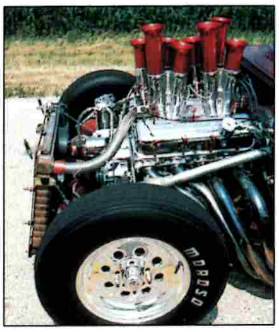
MOTORVATION

*This month, we thought we'd put **John Masham** up against it by asking him to write about a car he's never even seen. And . . . well, we got what we deserved, really.*

Journalism being the kind of high pressure business it is, it's sometimes hard to get your face stuck into some serious 50° proof libation without the Editor telling you to drop everything, glass included, to write something about a car you've never even seen. I've got some great pictures coming in, he says, a Corvette or something. What model? He doesn't know. What year? He doesn't know that, either. "Anyway, see what you can come up with – and I'll need it before the pub shuts." We love it when he's masterful.

Fuck. What do I know about Corvettes? They're American, they're quick, and I haven't driven one for yonks. Frankly, courgettes would make an easier assignment right now instead of all this high-octane stuff. Built by General Motors, a small family firm with more assets than the entire nation of France, etc, the Corvette is America's first and only sports car. More American than the Kennedys, it's been immortalized in a thousand movies and surf songs.

A car for cruisin', it quickly entered modern American folklore when introduced in the 50s, and even in the UK gained late



recognition with bands such as Vette Vette Vette taking the name to the top of the charts. *(What the fuck have you been drinking, Masham? Get on with it – Ed.)* They're all pretty quick, and some – such as the rather rare Sting Ray Grand Sport, for example – are very pretty and very, *very* quick. And the one shown here (not that I've seen it yet) is, I'm told, even more so. Looks pretty neat into the bargain.

Not a car for the purist, it's been extensively modified. Indeed, there are those around who'd doubtless say: "It shouldn't happen to a 'Vette," but it has. So there you are. Owned by Rick Dwyer but originally built for Mori "blink-and-you'll-miss-me" Roso Snr, it's what's known as Pro Street. Pro Street is what bad boys get up to when they come to town. And Mori Roso was a very bad boy indeed when he had this one done. So baaaad, in fact, that on the Strip one time he managed a standing quarter in just 9.46 seconds. In short, Mori is the

GOBBLE!

Nathaniel Fatbastard bites the heads off live chickens. Trouble is, this month he's going vegetarian.

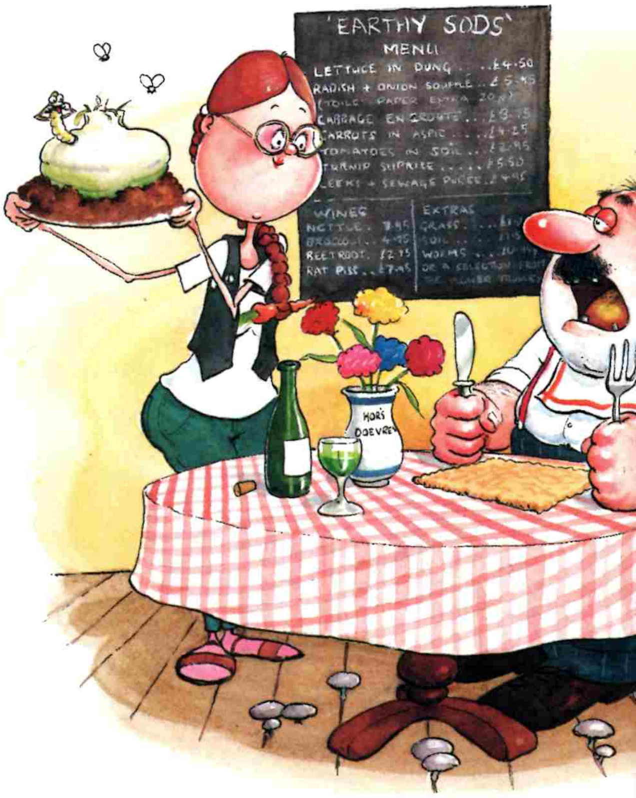
Last week, against my better judgement, I was invited to one of those health food restaurants that are spreading all over London like mould round a toilet seat. Though what the fuck they have to do with health, I've no idea. Quite *why* it's better for you to eat some vegetable that's been buried in cow shit for months, rather than a battery chicken that's spent its life in a nice sanitary shoe box, I'll never know. Some wankers say cooping up birds in factory farms is cruel. Bollocks! Whoever heard of an upwardly mobile chicken? When I spot one down the estate agent's looking for a roomy three-bedroomed detached in Esher, I might feel differently. But let's face it, those buggers were born to be stuffed and eaten – not unlike my current secretary, as a matter of fact.

Anyway, that's how I came to find myself in *Earthy Sods Vegetarian and Health Food Bistro,* at 153, Afghan Coat Street, Camden, London NW60. The decor has all the life and colour of Dunns window. It's all lumpy walls painted in beiges and browns, like Artex with skid marks. The menu was chalked on a blackboard by some remedial comprehensive pupil who couldn't spell pâté, and promised such delights as Lentil Thermidor, Sprout Diane and *Medaillons de Cucumber en Crout.* I was about to leave, but then I thought it would be prejudging the establishment to go without trying it, and doing my faithful readers a disservice. Besides, I hadn't had a good crap in weeks.

Eventually the owner, Ms Amanda Leftover, came and served me in person. She'd started *Earthy Sods* after being thrown out of Greenham peace camp in 1986 for making the place look untidy.

"All the food here is cooked in natural oils," she assured me, from which I imagined her hair was the principle source. "But we try to cater for all tastes. I think you'll find some of our imitation meat dishes are almost indistinguishable from the real thing."

With that, she showed me a lettuce leaf cut into the shape of a pork chop, but I remained totally unconvinced. I plumped instead for Turnip Surprise (£3.50), to discover the surprise was that it was nothing but turnip, accompanied by a bottle of the house broccoli wine (£5.50). If red is for meat and white for fish, I suppose it's only natural that wine with a vegetarian meal should be green, and it reminded me of a summer day in the English countryside – it was cloudy and smelled of shit. Nonetheless, I managed to sample (and that's what it reminded me of) a couple of bottles before wolfing


'EARTHY SODS'
MENU
LETTUCE IN DUNG £4.50
RADISH + ONION SOUFFLÉ ..£5.95
(TOILET PAPER EXTRA 20p)
CABBAGE EN CROUTE ...£3.75
CARROTS IN ASPIC £4.25
TOMATOES IN SOIL ...£2.95
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WINES
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BROCCOLI
BEETROOT. £2.75
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EXTRAS
GRASS
SOIL
WORMS
OR A SELECTION FROM THE FLOWER
HORS D'OEUVRE

down a large slice of Black Forest Gateau (£2.99), which, judging by the taste, had been made out of anything black found lying in the forest.

As you may have gathered, I was a little disappointed with my first dalliance with veggie food, and I was pretty pissed off with my hostess as well. Having spent over 20 quid on her nosh, I didn't even get a glimpse of tit, probably 'cos she was too busy tasting the clitty of the ropey-looking bull doing the "cooking". But the aftertaste of all that

other kind of drag artist: he doesn't do a strip, he does *the* Strip.

Like all artists, Mori wanted to take his work home with him, hence the Pro Street monster shown here. It's the kind of car which gives innocent boulevard cruisers a very bad name. But being the modest sort of chap that he was at the time, Mori turned his back on such showy extras as go-faster stripes when he commissioned his brandywine 'Vette. Instead, he spent the dosh on a go-faster engine (a massive 467 cubic-inch big-block V8), go-faster injection (by King Kinsler), a go-faster gearbox (a 460 Turbo automatic shifter), a go-faster Chrysler rear axle and four go-faster Weld wheels to sit amidst all that very heavy rubber. A heavy Chevy indeed. And one that, in a country with a 55mph limit, will probably manage a ton in neutral. And, I should think, almost as good for pulling the birds as a 1976 Fiat 127. ♣

MENU
J. Griffiths.

broccoli wine almost made up for it.

As Ms Leftover showed me out at midnight, I felt a belch coming on and feared I might throw the lot up in her face. But fortunately I managed to refrain. I farted instead and filled my pale blue polyesters . . . ♣

CAROLiNE

Photographs by Rupert Daines

Caroline's a sporting type – just get a load of these athletic poses she's pulling.

"It's quite easy if you keep yourself fit and supple," the 22-

year-old from Dorking told us, when she'd stood still long enough for us to get a word in edgeways. "At first, I used to go and work out at the local sports centre just to have a good ogle at the men in their tight shorts – but I found I enjoyed the sport, too!

"And there's nothing more guaranteed to make me feel randy than an hour on the squash court. After that, I can't *wait* to get home and try out some of these new positions!" ♣

IN ARREARS

Bu baa bu BAA bu ba ba ba BUU ba . . . No prizes for guessing that this month's programme tune is obviously *Dallas*. My special fave, this one, 'cos the Deputy Ed reminds me of Cliff Barnes – and I just love it when all those oil magnates keep falling like flies, only to return two episodes later looking *completely different*.

Of course, I've always modelled myself on the great JR, but even he would be reduced to a gibbering wreck if he came face to arse with *these* beauties. I reckon we've really struck oil here. – *Billy Buttock* ♣

TAPED!

***Allan Bryce** would like us to think he watches these mucky films several times over in the interests of professionalism. Rubbish. He's just a bloody pervert.*

"Sign here, guv'nor," said the Sid Vicious lookalike who'd just rung three verses of Colonel Bogey on my doorbell. "I expect you'll have a good hand shandy over this lot!" he smirked, thumping a parcel of saucy videos down on top of my exotic raffia doormat. "I don't know what you mean," I said. "I'm a critic, you know, which means I shall be looking at these tapes from a serious intellectual viewpoint, evaluating their artistic merits, discussing the quality of performances and camerawork, and attempting to discern any inherent socio-political messages the film-makers may have inserted within the narrative framework."

"Sounds like a load of old bollocks to me," said the GPO lad as he scratched his head thoughtfully. "But I wouldn't mind inserting something into that bird with really ginormous knockers" – he indicated the cover of **Electric Blue 27**. "In fact, me bicycle clips are straining just thinking about it."

After that, I quickly slipped into my baggy reviewing trousers and stress-tested boxers for a gander at the aforementioned *EB 27*. I was particularly eager to cop an eyeful of this one because it promised horny highlights from last Christmas's charity *Sex Maniac's Ball*, easily the hottest thing to hit London since the Blitz. I should know: I was there myself, wearing a natty leather outfit I picked up for a thong (actually, I got it for a ridiculous figure – and it fitted perfectly).

If you weren't lucky enough to be invited yourself, then you can catch some of the flavour of the event here, which is better than catching a dose of what I got out of it. The rest of *EB 27* is taken up with the usual mixture of potently sexy shorts, including a humorous spoof along the lines of Russ Meyer's famed *Immoral Mr Teas*, about a guy who invents some X-ray specs and uses them for the purpose of ogling naked females. After this we get to a frank and revealing photo-file on top glamour girl Jo Phillips that's twice as whiskery as Rolf Harris's chin. "I lost my virginity on my 16th birthday," she pouts, "to four men at once." Instructional tapes are available on request.

electric BLUE
27
18
TRUE BLUE
WHIP ROUND for the SEX MANIACS BALL

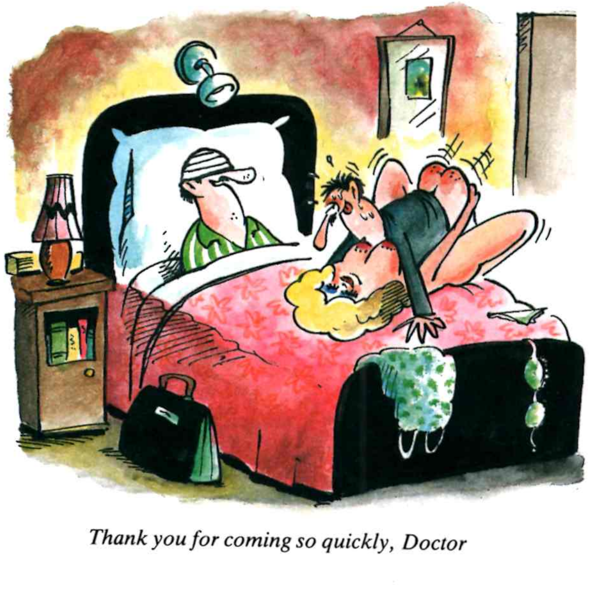
Also on show in this packed programme of porn; highlights from Mike Behr's *Bouncing In The USA*, the raunchy video classic which shows what happens when the twin torpedoes of the megaboob world, mighty-mammaried Candy Samples and protuberant Pat Wynn, meet to share a Jacuzzi in sunny California – the bloody water runs over, that's what happens! Meanwhile, back in Blighty, there are handy hints on how to play X-rated party games – scrabble

Can this lady open beer bottles with her teeth?

around on the bed with mucky Marie Harper – and of course no *EB* tape would be complete without the ever-popular "Breast of Britain" spot where an amateur flasher lets it all hang out. People will do the funniest things to get into showbiz.

This month also sees the release of three new titles in the best selling *Electric Hollywood* series, starting with **Ring Of Desire**, a raunchy little number about a magic ring that gives its wearer incredible sexual magnetism. The aforementioned item passes through the hands of well-known porn stars like Jennifer West, Georgina Spelvin, Gena Lee and the ubiquitous Ron Jeremy, finally returning to its original owner for what the cover describes as "a never-to-be-forgotten orgy sequence". This description might very well have been appropriate for the original hardcore version, but here the lively gangbang has been severely curtailed by the censor's scissors – a few grunts and groans and it's pass the Kleenex time already. But the little 18R sticker on the front guarantees that it's still a great deal more explicit than most other adult tapes.

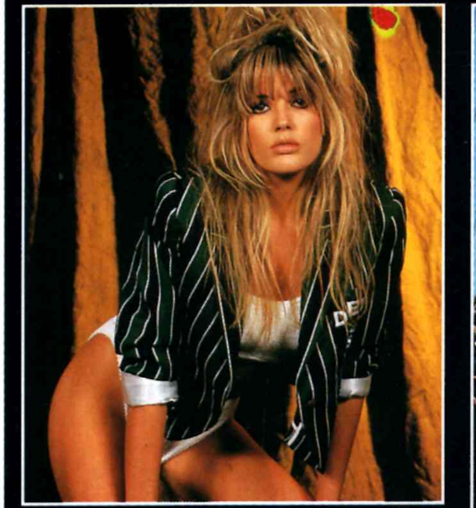
Equally arousing is *Electric Hollywood's* **Raw Talent** which features a chubbier-



Thank you for coming so quickly, Doctor

Snapped!

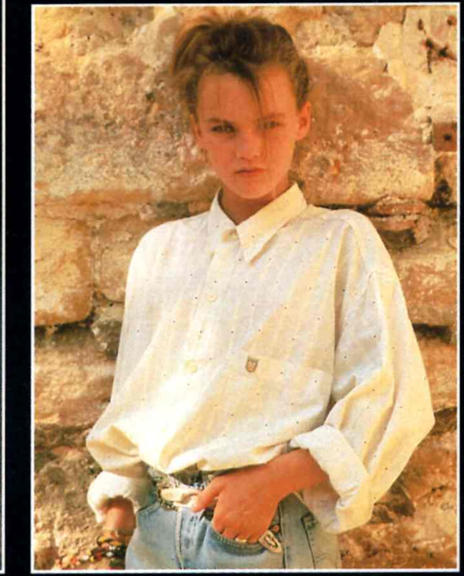
Funny, but whenever we go out with a Brownie these days we see loads of famous beautiful women – and *all their clothes fall off*. Well, almost.



Mandy Smith's past may have been a bit fruity, but that still doesn't explain why she's wearing a pineapple on her head

Italian MP La Cicciolina (get yer lips round that) doesn't pussy-foot around – she just makes her points out in the open

Raquel 'em up . . . Ms Welch just loves those Hollywood awards parties. And she always keeps the prizes close to her chest



Vanessa I'm-so-moody-teenage-temptress-Gallic-charm-pouting-lips Paradis says: "Where's my bloody taxi?"

Frank Spooner Pictures/Pictorial Press

TAPED!

than-usual Lisa De Leeuw as a top director of porno movies, who discovers talented stud Jerry Butler and then manipulates him to become a porn superstar. He eventually gives up the bonking biz for a part in a daytime soap opera, but Lisa blackmails him by threatening to reveal the truth about his sordid past and forces him to service her again and again and again – if that's blackmail, then put me down for some!

In fact, this is one of the hottest films I've come over – I mean *across* – in a long time. Packed full of sizzling action, it also takes a very funny look at the perils of being a porn star. The mind isn't the only thing that boggles . . .

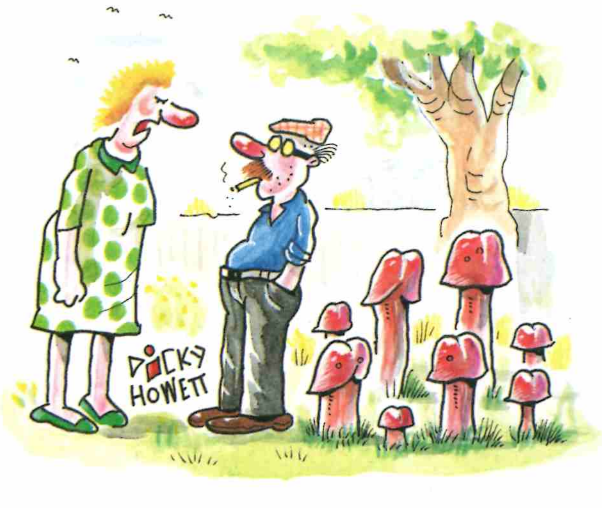
The third *Electric Hollywood* release to get the trousers twitching is the aptly named **Up 'N' Coming**, which chronicles sex queen Constance Money's decision to return to the adult screen after a long lay-off. Helping her get back into the swing of things are over 65 (count 'em!) of the porn world's most famous stars, including John Leslie (a man whose enormous wedding tackle seems to have been transplanted from Red Rum), Jamie Gillis, Sharon Mitchell and Gina Gianetti. Yes, they all come into some Money, and wild passion is the order of the day for our hot-blooded heroine.

And finally, for all you sports fans out there, there's just space to mention **California Bulls**, a zany comedy about a sexy socialite (Delta Burke) who unexpectedly becomes the owner of an American football team made up of the craziest collection of beer-swilling, coke-snorting, woman-chasing football players in the West. The result is complete chaos from beginning to end: sex scandals, fixed matches, wild parties, wilder girls and guys who have muscles in places where most of us don't even have places. That's the life for me, I thought. In fact, after watching this movie, I went straight to my doctor for some special muscle-building tablets. Now if only I could get the lid off the bottle . . . ♣

There's no bull on this lady!

***Electric Blue 27, Ring Of Desire, Raw Talent** and **Up 'N' Coming** are all available from the Electric Blue Shop at Paddington Street, London W1M 3RN.*

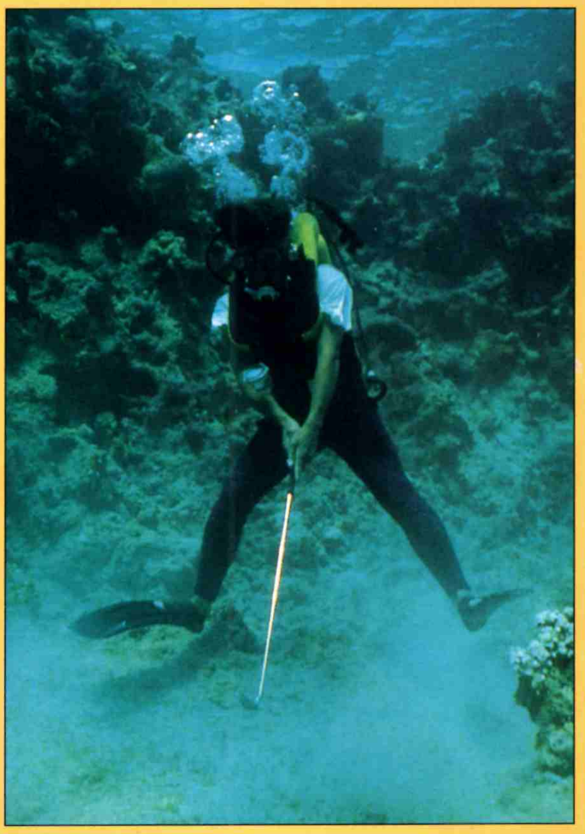
***California Bulls** is on the Mogul Communications label.*



I don't care if they are exotic mushrooms – dig them up at once!

NUTTER'S CORNER

Our golfing commentator says: ". . . So here he is, the aptly-named Great White Shark, lining up for a drive at the ninth. He'd better be careful, mind, because there's some dry land perilously nearby. But if anyone can land a fishie 3 it's this boy, and a clean strike might well even reward him with a whale 2. However, it's an unpredictable hole which has claimed many victims over the years, and he could so easily end up with a pilchard 4. Very appropriate that would be, too – this chap is well worth a place in *Nutter's Cove* . . ." ♣


Photograph by Jean Guichard/Gamma

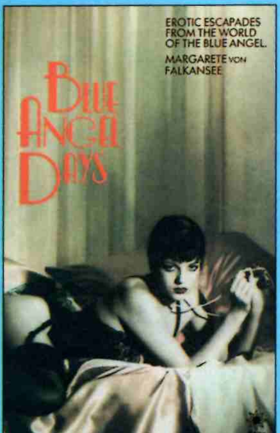
UNCOVERED

*It's sex all the way with book reviewer **Chris Lloyd** this month. Which isn't a pretty thought . . .*

There is a darker side to eroticism, so they tell me. You're in the realms of obsession here, or pain and possibly corruption too. Nigel Williams certainly considered these things while he wrote *Witchcraft* (Faber – £4.95), which deals with the very foolish consequences of doing too much research into the murky past.

A hack screenwriter, who in his own words resembles a heated troll, delves into background data on the English Civil War only to find an even more loathsome spectre from that era taking over his body. Academic legwork is punctuated with frenzied and destructive sex between him and a red-haired girl called Anna, whom our hero suspects of being a witch. Which is reasonable, when instead of saying "fuck me now", she comes out with: "I have such a veritable and concupiscent need of You between my Thighes as disturbs my most Secret Parts and will not be Denied."

Consequently, there are scenes (the public toilet fuck, for instance) where you want to laugh, hide and participate at the same time. Meanwhile, of course, the horror is busy gathering. You'll want to know more (it's that kind of book), but you'll need your wallet for that.



In similar, heavily sexual mood, there's Margaret von Falkensee's *Blue Angel Days* (Star – £2.99), an authentic sequel to the earlier *Blue Angel Nights* (also Star books). She wrote both about lunatic groping in the city of Berlin during the late 20s, early 30s. However, this one was written in something of a hurry on account of Adolf Hitler having fixed the election. What you read about here is a certain society going down the toilet, while the people in it discuss politics almost entirely at waist level, making "the most of what we have in the time left to us". The result is comically observed, tragic by implication and exciting to the point of total exhaustion.

Very simply by way of contrast, *Eroticon III* (Star – £2.99) is wheeled out as "a Compendium of Voluptuous Reading". It offers slices of sex prose that invite you to sample the works at greater length. Call it the verbal equivalent of a peepshow booth. Some of these are already available in the WH Allen erotic library catalogue, and some soon will be. There's good, bad and mediocre here, as you'd expect. But look at it this way; one pence short of three quid gets you a guided tour of the sex shelves, whereas if you purchased bulk unseen it would cost you twelve times that amount. Now see if you can lick your lips. ♣

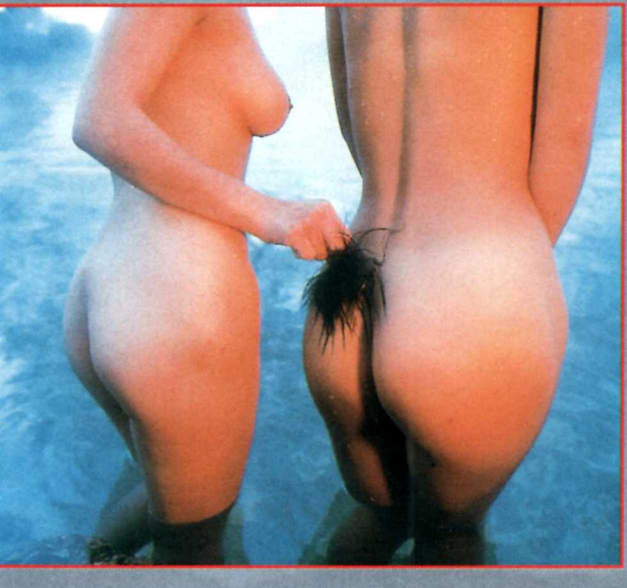
Wig in Japan

Photographs by Makoto Matsumoto/Gamma

Meet "Night Flower". And, no, that's not the name of one of these cute Nipponesses, it's the name of that funny-looking hairy thing. Which is, in fact, a pubic wig.

No wind-up, this. Japanese wig makers Aderans have developed the wig "for couples who are shy to take their first bath together". ***(Yer what? – Ed.)*** **Yes, it does all sound like a huge joke, but the biggest laugh of all is that they're asking about £130 for the bloody things.**

Can't help but wonder how many pairs of swimming trunks you could buy for that! ♣



TANYA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAY MURPHY

When Tanya goes on holiday, she really likes to splash out. Which is why, when we told her we were sending her to Tunisia, she was off like a shot. Just packed a bag full of suntan lotion and jetted off.

What she *didn't* overload herself with, however, were clothes. "Well, I knew I was going to be spending most of my time taking them off," she told

us. This is what we like to hear. Tanya's idea of a great holiday, it seems, is to spend as much time in the altogether as possible. "There's nothing more guaranteed to get me horny than baking myself in the hot Mediterranean sun all day, sizing up the men staring at my body," said the sexy 22-year-old from

Carlisle. "And here I stayed at a fabulous resort where nobody wore anything."

We're planning a Club holiday at the very same resort . . . All that tit and bum on open display 24 hours a day – pure heaven! What about those hot shots with the hosepipe, though?

"I like a good hose down, to cool off after sunbathing. And if a handsome, randy young guy's holding the hosepipe, it's even better! Just imagine how sexy it is to feel all that cold water running over your hot pussy . . ."♣

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 7

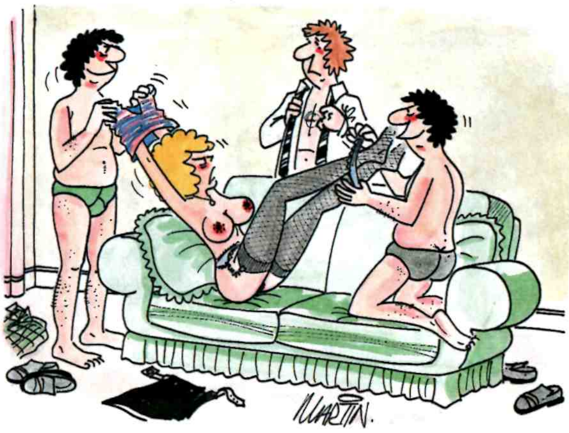
Jane told me that her mum was in need of a good fucking and that she (Jane) would go out about 9pm and leave us alone. She duly did and I was left with Diana, drinking wine in the lounge and chatting happily. Like me she was 36, but unlike me she looked ten years younger. She wore a white silk blouse, tight-fitting black skirt, black seamed stockings and stilettos.

She had blonde hair, a slim waist and hips and – just like her daughter – big breasts. She was bra-less beneath her blouse. I made a pass at her after Jane left and soon we were kissing deeply. "God, I haven't had a man for ages," she panted, and told me I came "very highly recommended". She tugged off my clothes and left me naked on the settee before stripping off her own clothing. She quickly dropped her tiny panties and kneeled to suck my cock in her suspenders and stockings.

My cock is only eight inches and reasonably thick, but Di seemed to think I was John Holmes as she sucked on my cock greedily while murmuring words like "huge" and "massive". I wanted to go down on her and persuaded her into a 69 on the floor, which soon had her moaning loudly as my tongue tasted her clitty and her pussy flooded my face with her juices. Then she kneeled astride me and slammed herself down on my cock, spearing my full length into her hungry slit. Poor Di was obviously desperate for a cock and she was soon riding me frantically, moaning and panting, while I happily kneaded her big tits and frigged her clitty. Soon she came, groaning, and pulled my head, almost suffocating me in her cleavage while her climax gripped her body.

"You're wonderful," she panted gratefully, but I told her that I had lots more yet and sat her on the settee to kneel in front of her. Then I pushed her ankles up by her ears and she reached down to guide me home. I began to shaft her slowly, using my full length in slow, deliberate strokes before building up the pace steadily until we were fucking like rabbits and my balls were slapping loudly against her arse. To my delight, Diana's howls built to a crescendo and she came again very powerfully.

continued on page 28



Patrick, this is *not what I meant when I asked you to bring some* 'Mates' *with you!*

Dear Dee,

I'd like to nominate you for Girl of the Year, following your totally brilliant pictures in Vol 17 No 4. I know there's quite a bit of the year left, but I can't imagine any girl surpassing you; everything about you is perfect.

I've been driving myself mad, wanking at the thought of you kneeling in front of me, dressed only in your dungarees, giving me the blowjob of a lifetime. I'm getting all twitchy just writing about it. You, Dee, have single-handedly doubled my Kleenex bill since you came into my life, but I'm not complaining – some things in life are definitely worth paying for! – *JB, Manchester*

Dee replies: *You're very kind, JB. People have been saying lots of nice things about me in my dungarees, and I'm so glad they've helped to keep your right hand busy. Do try and keep some Kleenex back just in case you need to blow your nose, though . . .*

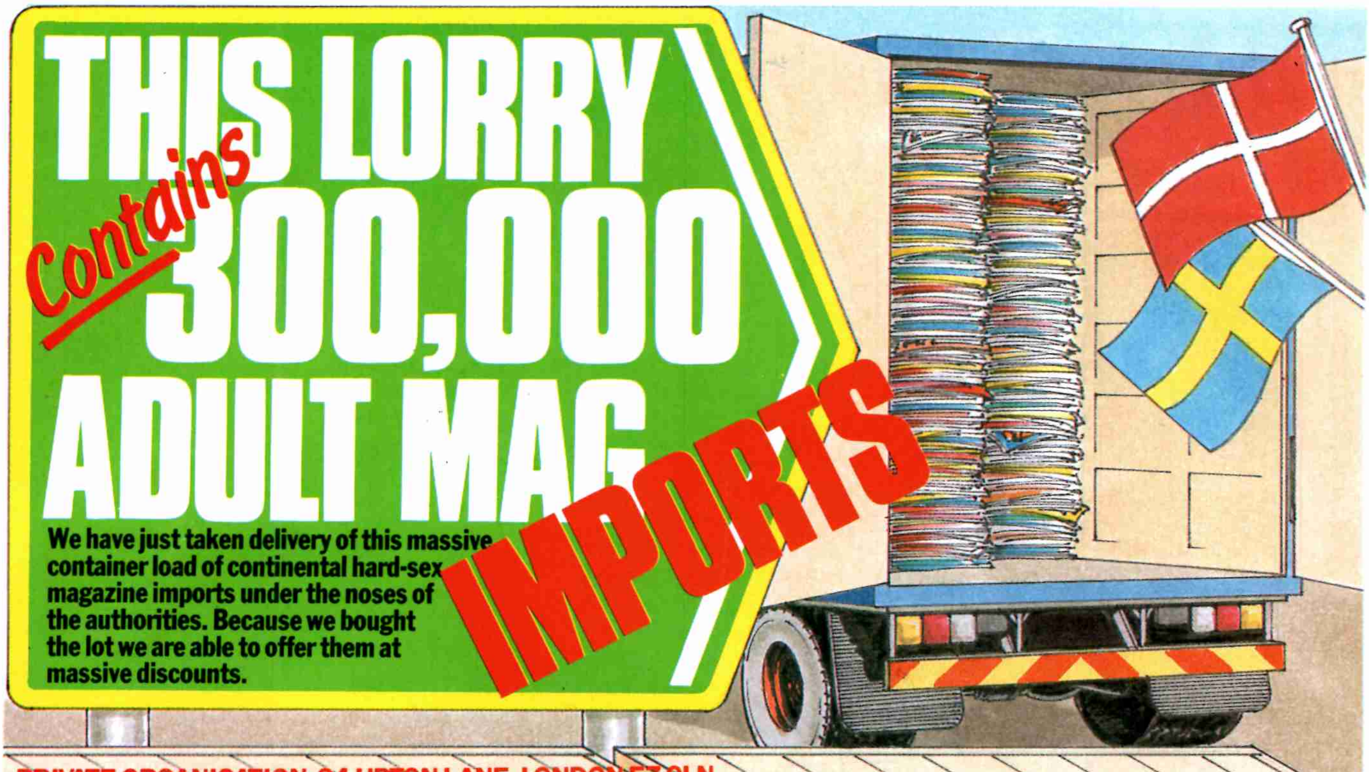
Tina Gets It Off Her Chest

Tina was almost at her tits' end wondering what to write about this month – then she suddenly remembered about Zola Budd. Fancy forgetting Zola Budd!

Well, I dunno what all the fuss was about, really. I mean, it was all a publicity stunt by some bloody newspaper that got her over here in the first place. And she's about as British as a moonrock. If we can have South Africans running in our athletics team, how about getting that Dutch guy, Ruud Gullit, to play football for us? Mmmm, those legs!

Then we could always get in nice, sensible, cuddly Mr Mitterrand to run the country for us, and he can bring some of that Riviera weather with him, too. Then there's the wildlife: all the animals in this country are dead boring, so I reckon snow leopards, aardvarks, gibbons, Thomson's gazelles, kangaroos and giant pandas should be made British.

Oh, yes, and let's not forget the cheetah – better-looking than Zola Budd, and a damn sight faster. ♣



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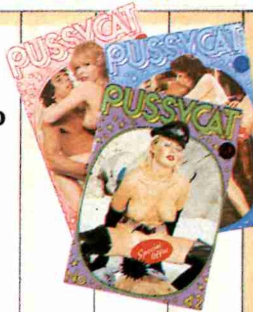

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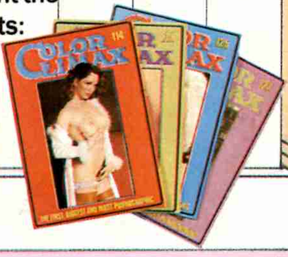

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IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 26

We uncoupled and she kneeled on the settee on all fours, begging me to do her from behind. "Like mother, like daughter!" I smiled, and stood over her to drive my cock home again, balls deep. I was penetrating very deeply now, squeezing her tits and frigging simultaneously with my thrusting, shagging pace. Di was howling and I could feel my sap rising in my balls when I spied Jane out of the corner of my eye watching us from the doorway as I screwed her mother. She smiled and gave me the "thumbs-up" of approval, then began to remove her T-shirt and bra. She stood spying on us, massaging her own big breasts.

I could take no more and began to come, pumping my seed into Diana, whose screams signalled a third climax for her. It was an incredible shagging session.

I slept overnight with Jane, whom I fucked in the morning. Indeed, I spent the whole weekend screwing this beautiful mother-and-daughter duo – but always separately.

In the three weeks since, I have continued to fuck both ladies regularly; and as if that were not enough, Jane told me last night that Kelly had rung her, asking her to set up a re-enactment of her hen night. Not bad going for a 36-year-old whose wife left him for a richer, older man!

There's hope for all us old uns yet! – *Dave, Tyseley*

We'll be very interested to know the outcome of the next instalment, Dave! – Ed.

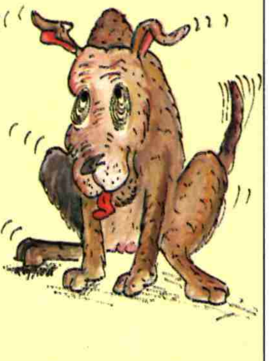
Knickers!

I am now in my mid 50s, but from my youth I have always been a keen knicker sniffer.

Although my sex life is not exactly electric these days, my secretary, Rowena, a slim, blonde 19-year-old, keeps me well supplied with her well-used panties. When she's in the mood after office hours, she'll hand me her knickers, pull up her skirt and bend over my desk. I take down my trousers and underpants and, whilst sniffing the crotch (which is always stained with pussy juice), I rub my erect penis all over Ro's bum cheeks. It's not too long before my creamy spunk is shooting over her arse and she loves massaging my cream into her bum cheeks.

Recently, an American girl, Jodie, joined the company. She has a very dark complexion and an ample figure. I commented to Ro that I wouldn't mind sniffing her knickers, as I suspected they'd be juicy. About three days after this when we were working late, Ro handed me a package. I

BAD JOKE



Why do dogs lick their balls?

Because they can.

And quite whether we should be thanking JC of Sutton for such an unashamedly fucking *terrible* joke is a matter for debate.♣

TWANG!

And you thought VAN DOONICAN was a funny name! Well, you'd be right – even though it's not as funny as Bruce Hornsby. Or even William Rees-Mogg (but he hasn't got a record out, so he doesn't count).

I always thought that Bruce Hornsby was *the* most unlikely name for a pop star: with a name like that, you half expect him to have mates with names like Reg Dwight or Harry Webb. However, you've got to hand it to him – along with his group, The Range, he's done not too badly for himself, thank you very much. How many people called Bruce do *you* know who've had their music used as the background to the summary of the sporting highlights on Grandstand?

The band's latest long player, *Scenes From The Southside* (RCA), is unmistakably Bruce Hornsby. The familiar vocals, the tight instrumentation, the piano solos – they're all here, as is one of the most played singles of the early summer, *The Valley Road*. It's all rather foot-tappingly pleasant, if somewhat on the bland side.

So if Bruce's offering could be said to be lacking a bit of zest, the same definitely doesn't apply to *24 Hours* (Arista), from Scarlet Fantastic. This is well good! Scarlet Fantastic are Maggie de Monde and Rick P Jones, the ex-Swansway pair, who've got plenty to say about themselves. For example: "We're both Librans, which makes us wild and free. Librans are artistic and creative and we love each other's beauty and intelligence. That's why we're such a great team."

SCORPIONS
Savage Amusement

"Ya, und vee vould also like to thank . . ."

Luckily for us, they sing and play better than they talk. Shades of The Eurythmics, Grace Jones and The Pretenders infiltrate now and again, proving the variety of Maggie's vocals, if nothing else. Maggie herself is delighted with this powerful, versatile debut LP, and she's every right to be.

Seen *Dirty Dancing* yet, then? It's a movie which seems to have gained more and more in popularity since its transition from the big screen to video, so much so that they've even gone and released a *second* soundtrack called (strangely enough) *More Dirty Dancing* (RCA). The film is pretty naff, but there's some worthwhile material here: The Drifters' *Some Kind Of Wonderful*; *Do You Love Me* by The Contours; *Love Man* by Otis Redding and *Will You Love Me Tomorrow*, the old Shirelles favourite.

There's some dodgy filler material, too, though: some crew called Michael Lloyd & Le Disc keep on cropping up with stuff that makes you think of Minor Counties North doing battle with East Anglia on *Come Dancing*.

Anyone for some dirty dancing?

Our HM department this month has been reverberating to *Savage Amusement* (EMI), the newie from The Scorpions. Now, I must admit to not being heavy metal's biggest fan (truth be told, I'm probably its *smallest* fan), but I could actually listen to this without grimacing (and, yes, I *did* have the volume turned up, thank you very much). A passable offering from the infamous German headbangers. But the most remarkable thing about this record is the sleeve credits: I wouldn't have thought a standard formula HM album was particularly labour intensive, but there are no fewer than 131 name checks given by the lads! And that doesn't even include themselves! Mein Gott!

You've heard of Mersey Beat, but how about Mersey Soul? That's exactly what the Montellas dish up on their first LP, *Conscience* (Arista), which has been a long time coming (they've been on the go five years). It's been worth waiting for, though, and the fact that somebody in the office eavesdropping on my Walkman thought I was listening to Smokey Robinson is a feather in the cap of the purveyors of some of the best white soul around.

Which is exactly what I said to the eavesdropper as I told him not to be a nosey bastard and to go and buy his own copy.♣

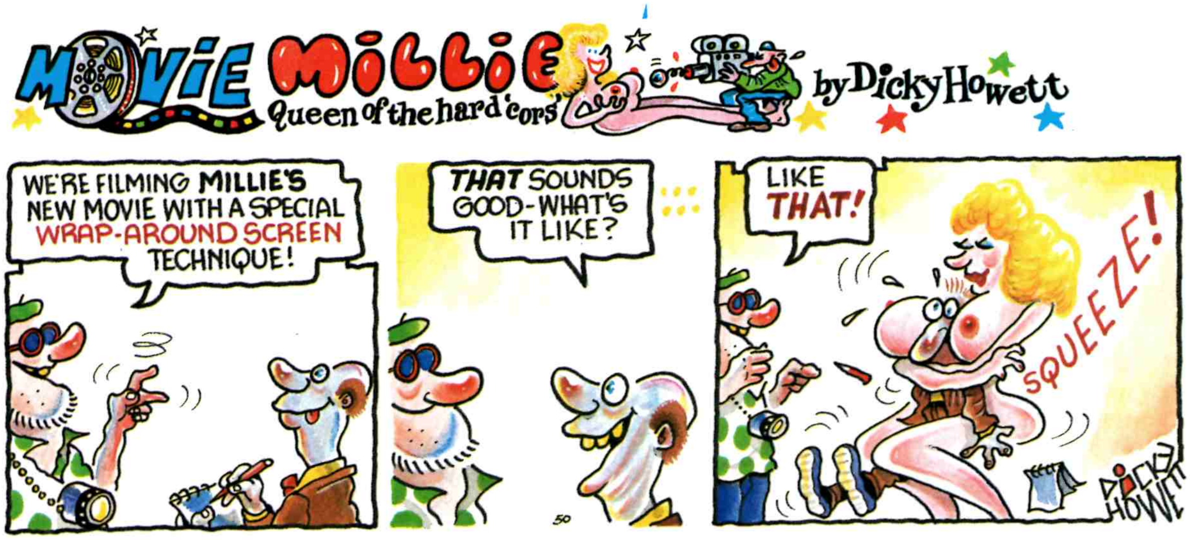
opened it to find a pair of black lace panties inside. I looked at Ro, puzzled. "They're Jodie's," she said, "and don't ask me how I got them because I won't tell you." I held the panties to my nose: in all my years of knicker sniffing I'd never smelled anything like these. The aroma was so strong it made my head swim. Ro said: "Yes I know, they're a bit whiffy."

She then took them from me, went to the desk, bent over, lifted her skirt and pulled her panties down. "Come on, Bob," she said, "I need a fuck today." I was surprised, to say the least. But, never being one to refuse a lady, my trousers and pants were soon down and my trusty prick was already hard. I noticed Ro had Jodie's panties to her nose and was sniffing them deeply. I got behind Ro and, without any further ceremony, plunged my prick into her waiting fanny. I gave her a good rogering and she was soon moaning as she reached a climax. I could feel mine close behind. Ro, obviously sensing this, cried out: "Come on, you bastard, give me your spunk right up my pretty cunt." I was soon obliging as I gripped her bum cheeks tight and shot my load into her snatch. Pulling out afterwards, I rubbed my wilting prick on her bum cheeks. Ro stood up and lovingly wiped my penis with Jodie's panties before handing them to me. "A present," she explained. "I can easily get another pair."

I have my suspicions about my secretary; still, I wouldn't change her for the world. – *Robert, Isleworth*

Very wise, Bob. Very wise indeed – Ed.

Editor's note: We're delighted to announce that Tracey of Lincoln, that infamous super-dream nympho, is holding another of her mass wank-offs on August 10th. And I'm sure you'll all be joining into the spirit of things – we'll certainly be busy! ♣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THAT SOUNDS GOOD - WHAT'S IT LIKE?
LIKE THAT!
SQUEEZE!
DICKY HOWETT

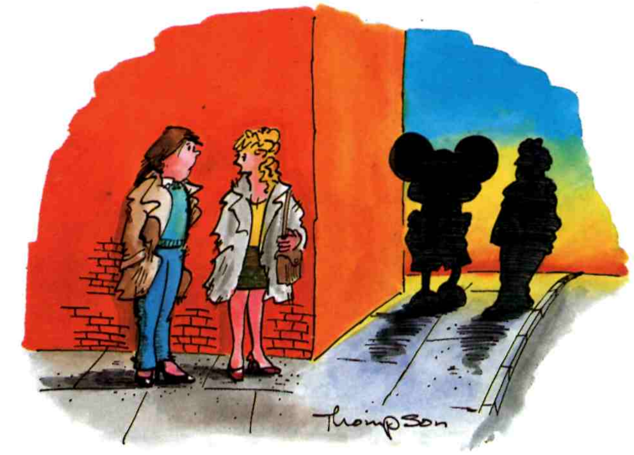
Dear Gemma,

Since seeing your pictures in Vol 17 No 5, I've wanked continuously over you. You're my ideal girl (blonde, with firm tits), but what turns me on more than anything is seeing your cunt shaved, with the hairs just starting to grow again. That's just how I like them!

I can honestly say you're the most gorgeous, fuckable girl to appear in Club for a while, and I imagine myself alone with you in your bedroom, both of us completely naked, me with a throbbing hard-on (as I've got now), and you on your back, legs spread wide. Then I thrust my rock-hard cock into your tight little cunt, give you the fucking of your life, and finally spurt my hot spunk deep inside you. We'd rest with my prick still buried in you, before repeating it all.

If only this fantasy could come true, I'd be the happiest man in the land. I'll keep hoping, because you never know. *– Steve, Mansfield*

Gemma replies: *Gosh, Steve – you don't mince your words, do you? Mind you, neither do I – so take your throbbing hard-on in your hand and pump it like mad until you spunk all over my pictures. I only wish I could be there to watch!*



He's bringing his mate – he said he looks like a film star

Lisa's Guide to London

Lisa's halt on this month's tour of the capital was the new Lloyd's Building, right in the heart of the City. As she bared her frozen assets in the stiff breeze, she got down to the nitty gritty:

"This new skyscraper building was designed by Richard Rogers, and houses the Lloyd's Insurance underwriting room. Sited in famous Leadenhall Street, it was based on the Pompidou Centre in Paris, and its design caused great controversy."

Lisa was causing a bit of a furore herself by this time, as she whipped off her undies and continued:

"The building is designed so that all the inside is shown on the outside, a remarkable innovation."

"Show us!" shouted a heckler, so Lisa did, while explaining: "The old Lloyd's building housed the Lutine Bell, which was rung whenever a ship was lost at sea."

A passing City gent looked as if he'd like to ring more than Lisa's bell, but fortunately she and snapper Copthorne had a getaway car prepared. ♣

ASK ANDREA

YOU NAME IT, MS CLARKE WILL DO IT!

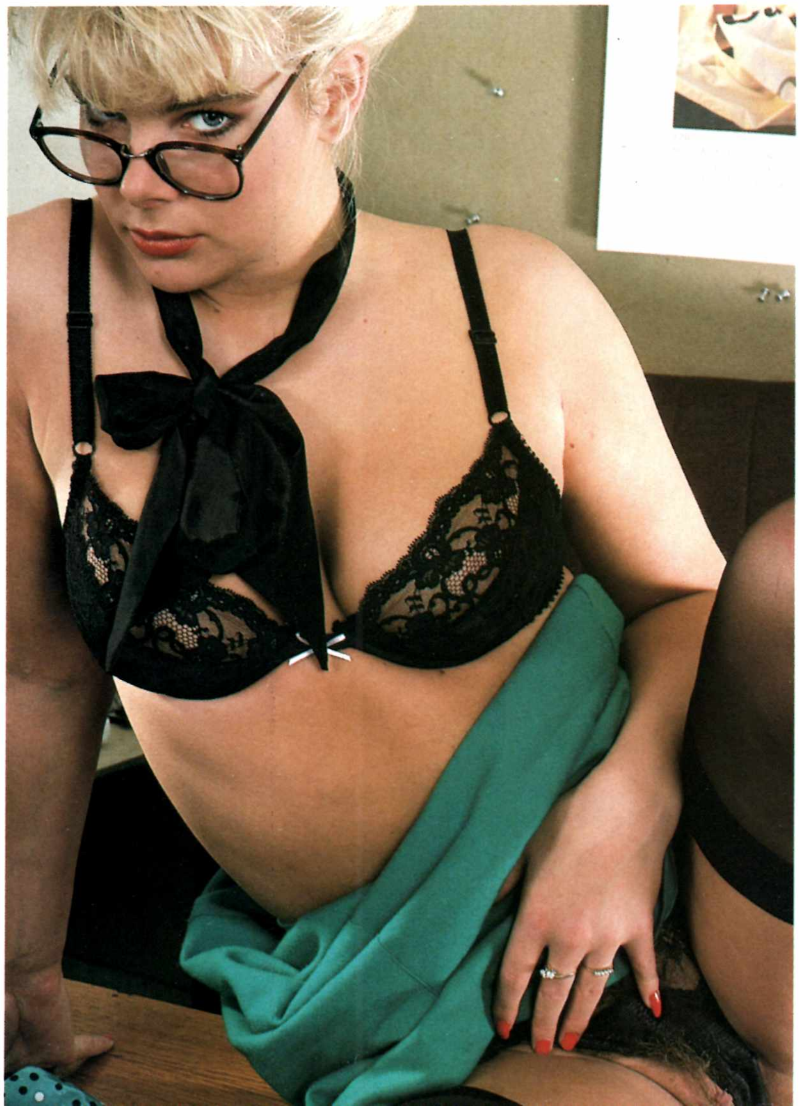
"Take a letter, Ms Clarke. Oh, and take your clothes off while you're at it."

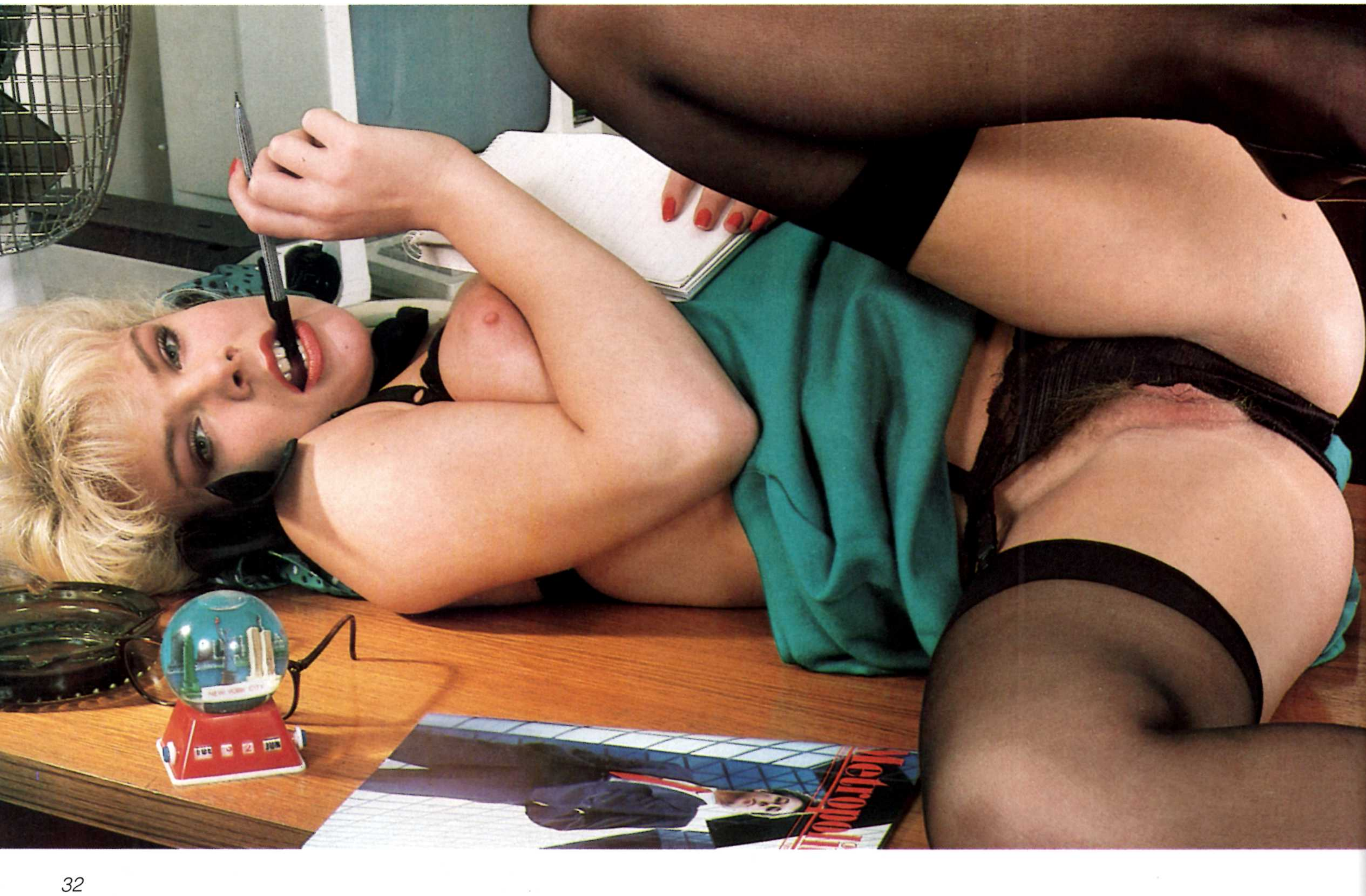
Wouldn't you just *love* to be able to say that to Andrea? And to sit and watch while she obeyed your instructions? We know for sure that a good many of you would, because you wrote in and told Andrea just that. "We want to see you dressed up as a horny secretary," you said to her. Andrea's reply? You're looking at it.

And she adds: "Keep the letters coming, guys. Reading what fantasies you want me to fulfil for you really turns me on. Let's hope I'm having the same effect on you, hmmm?"

Wouldn't waste any time worrying about that, Andrea ... ♣

Photographs by Joanie Allum

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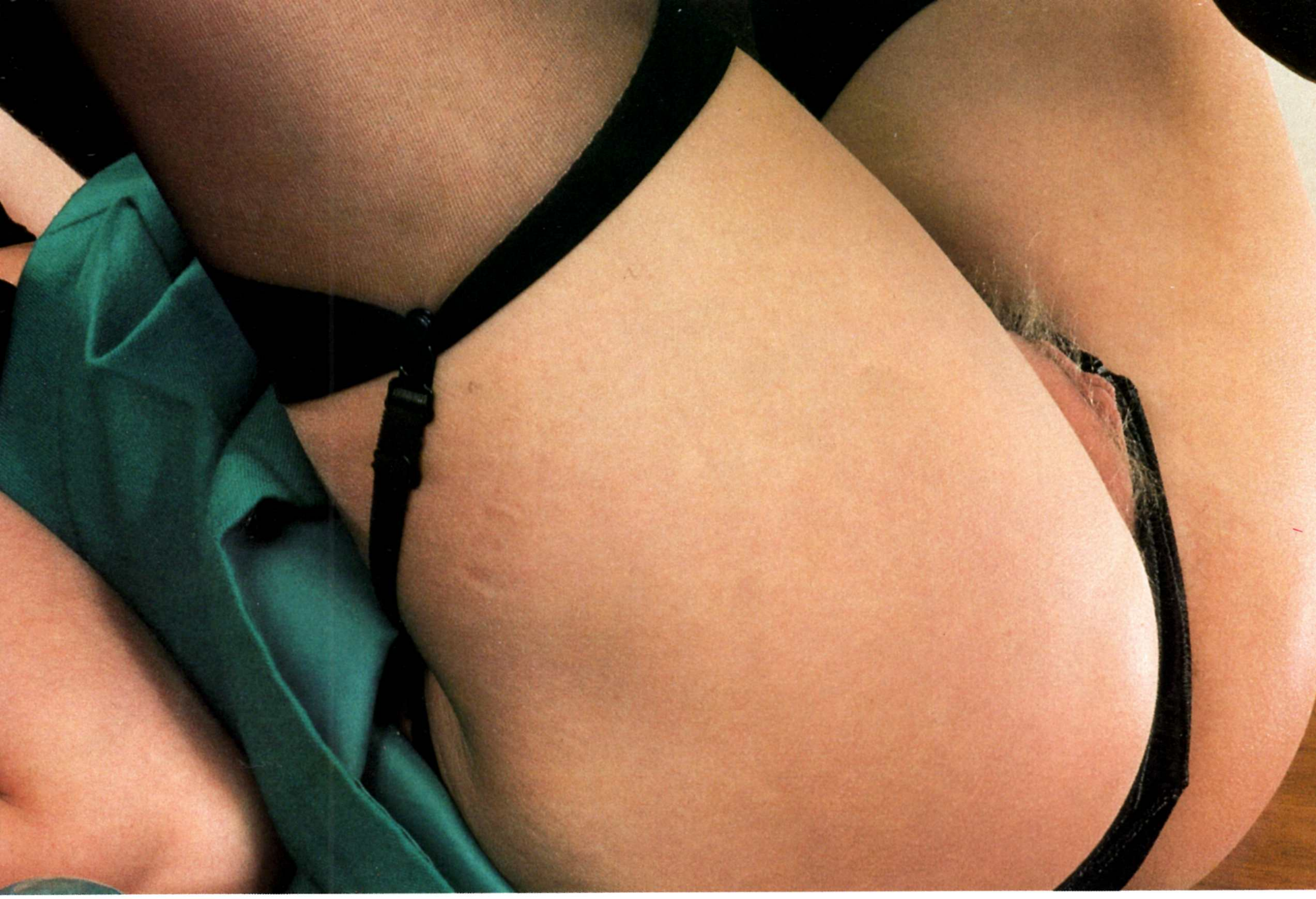

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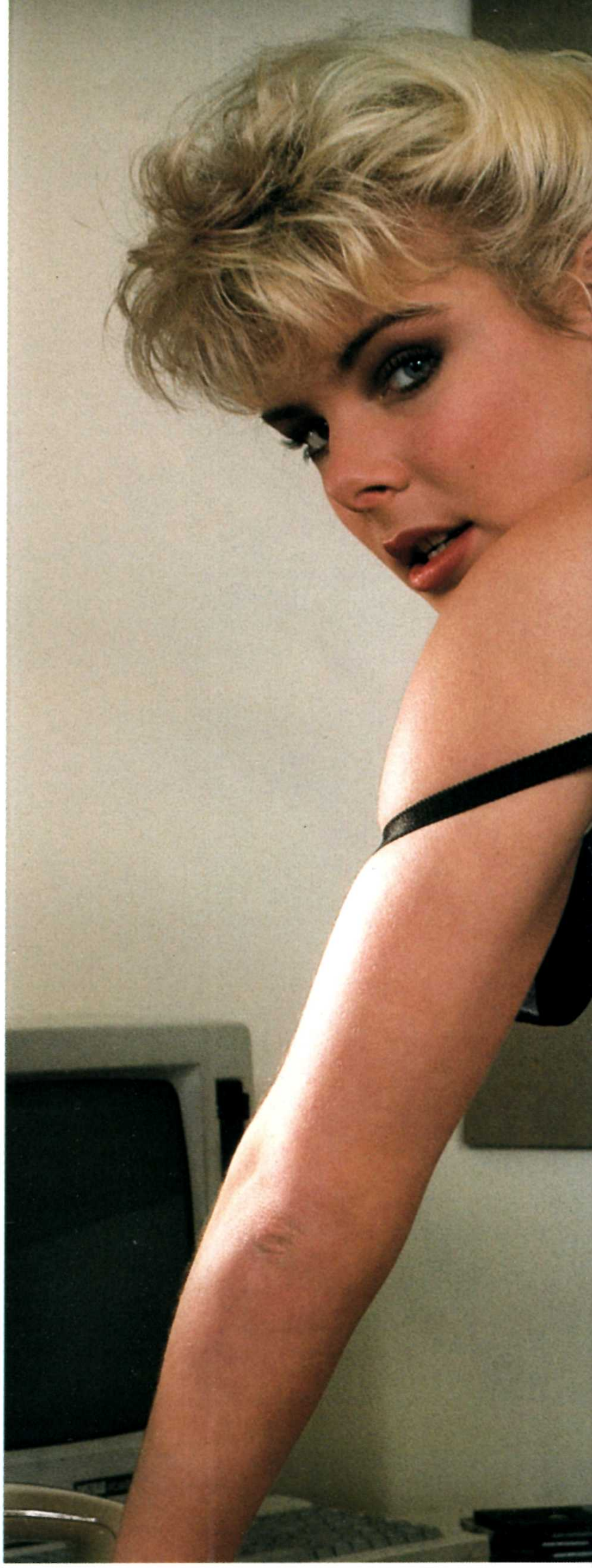
Adventure



letters to ANDREA

Dear Andrea,

I think you are the most attractive girl Club has ever featured. Just looking at you is a rapturous experience. I am so glad you have been given your own spot in the magazine, and I will never miss a copy.

My dream is that you are naked, your body smeared with cool, white, whipped cream, and all around you is hidden an assortment of fresh fruit. On your head you are wearing a fruit-covered hat – Tahiti style. You are fondling yourself, smoothing the cool cream over your sumptuous tits and welcoming cunt. You then take a banana, peel it slowly, smear it in cream from your body and then proceed to eat it, engulfing each biteful with your warm, wet and inviting mouth. You then lick the

cream from your body, running your large flexible tongue up and down your tanned skin.

I do so hope that you will make my dream come true by posing for these pictures. Nothing would be more guaranteed to give me the hard-on of my life. – Richard, London

Sometimes I feel fruity, too, Richard, so I may try to do a set like this. The only problem would be finding somewhere to put all that whipped cream. I'd love to have my boobs smeared in cream, with a cherry on each nipple – and the right man to eat it off, naturally!

Dear Andrea,

I think you are the prettiest and sexiest girl in any of the present men's magazines. My favourite picture of you is the last one of the set in Vol 17 No 4, where you're sitting in a chair holding a newspaper, wearing a pink top which has fallen open to reveal your gorgeous breasts and a pair of brief panties which conceal your cunt lips. How I would love to kiss you and fondle your beautiful breasts, squeezing your nipples between my fingers. Then I would kneel in front of you and untie your panties, to pull them down at the front and spend some time gazing at your luscious cunt. Then I would run my tongue in and out of your pussy until I could taste the sweet saltiness of your love juices.

I would then swap places with you in the chair and get you to sit astride my thighs, right above my erect penis, and get you to slowly lower yourself so that my penis sinks right into your hot, juicy quim. The thought of shooting all my sperm inside of you is almost enough to make me come.

I live in the hope that I'll have many more fantasies like this, and you'll keep fulfilling them. In the meantime, let's have those knickers off! – David, Kent

What more can I say? The idea of my regular feature was to stimulate readers into sending me their fantasies, and this must be one of the hottest ones I've had so far! ♣

Well, what would YOU like to see Andrea do? Write to her at Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE and leave the rest to us!

yvette

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL MOORE

There's something about French girls that we can't get enough of at Club. The cheeky sparkle in the eye, those little flirtatious glances, that certain je ne sais quoi . . . It's enough to bring out a Maurice Chevalier impression in everyone.

And Yvette's about the most delicious French morsel that we've seen yet. Those perky nipples really are a sight for sore eyes. So what does our mademoiselle think of her Club debut? "Very sexy!" she told us, in better English than you'll ever hear from the Ed. "Taking my clothes off for all those randy Englishmen, it made me feel so desirable – and so wet between the legs. I'm proud of my body, and the more I get to take my clothes off, the more I like it!

"We French girls know very well the art of tease, as you can see from my pictures. Just give a hint of what's to come, without giving too much away, and the effect is incredible!"

And we're first in the queue. ♣

CLUB INTERVIEW WITH

BELINDA CARLISLE

HEAVEN IS A PLACE ON EARTH, RECKONS BELINDA CARLISLE. ACCORDING TO **PIERRE PERRONE**, HOWEVER, HEAVEN IS GETTING TO SHARE A ROOM WITH THE SULTRY SINGER...

If, musically speaking, 1988 is going to be remembered for anything (and there ain't a lot to go on), it may well be for the prominence of women in the charts. Or, to be more accurate, girls: Kylie Minogue, Tiffany, Debbie Gibson and Vanessa Paradis have all brought teenrock to the forefront of mainstream pop, and adolescent tomes like *Smash Hits* and *No 1* have given them all the column inches they can handle.

But The Year of the Girls hasn't been entirely taken over by the youngsters. Belinda Carlisle has seen to that. She, too, has had a good deal of chart success this year and states that, at 30, she hopes people will take her more seriously (although I, like most readers of Club, would quite happily take Belinda Carlisle any way she comes).

But what about the new wave of adolescents? Do *they* deserve to be taken seriously? Ms Carlisle reckons they do:

"The success of Tiffany and Debbie Gibson is an interesting phenonemon. They very cleverly exploit a market which the music industry had forgotten about these past few years – teenagers. Especially young girls of ten or 12 who identify with these singers a lot. I mean, they're only slightly older than their fans, who can really picture themselves appearing on stage or on television in their place. The same thing happened to the Go-Go's, the band I used to be in. We were really young when we started, and some of our fans had barely reached puberty."

For Belinda, it all started in the mid-1970s when the likes of Iggy Pop, the New York Dolls and Roxy Music left their mark on her.

"Roxy's tour following the *Siren* album – that's the best gig I've ever seen. At the time, I was still at college. I used to be an avid reader of the British music press and buy Sex Pistols records on import.

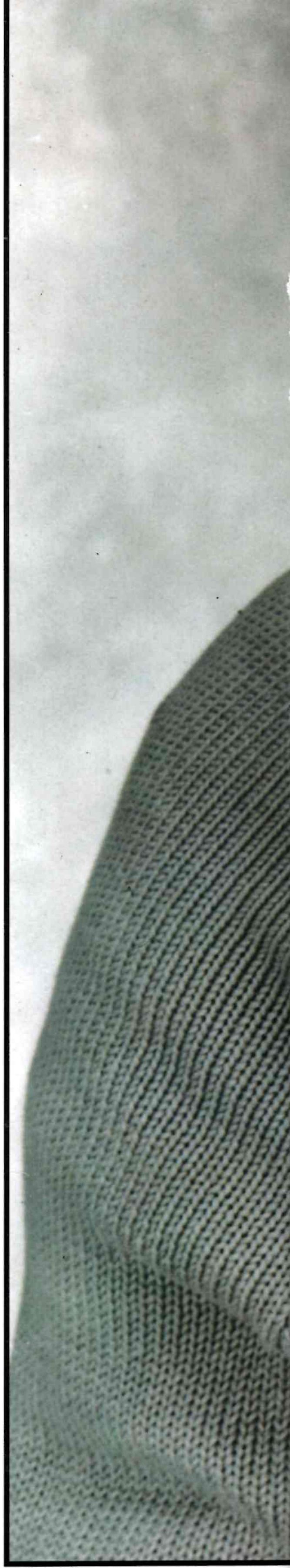
"That's how the Go-Go's started: we put bits of tape on our guitar frets so we could remember the chords. We were very influenced by the Buzzcocks, which shows that we already had an ear for melody."

Record companies obviously didn't agree, however, because it was 1980 before Stiff Records offered the band a one-off single, *We Got The Beat*. Despite personnel changes at the time of the record's release, the girls arrived in Britain to open for Madness on their nationwide tour. "It took me a while to understand what this whole Two-Tone and ska revival scene was about," says Belinda. "The Specials were always hanging around with us and we learned a lot. Also, because we'd played in Britain, all the record companies showed an interest when we went back to the States."

IRS Records got there first, and by 1982 the band had recorded two long-players, *Beauty and the Beat* and *Vacation*. Although they went like hot cakes in the States, the Europeans weren't quite taking the bait: "People in Britain and other places came to our concerts, but our records weren't selling. Therefore, we only played the major cities and never did a proper tour. It became a vicious circle," recalls Belinda.

Equally vicious was the rather depraved lifestyle which Belinda had adopted around this time. She remembers it with some dismay: "I'd always

Belinda Carlisle hopes that her fans will take her more seriously at 30 – we'll take her any way we can!



'WHEN I GOT UP IN FRONT OF 20,000 PEOPLE, I WAS ONLY WEARING THESE LITTLE KNICKERS AND A T-SHIRT...'

promised myself I wouldn't get involved with all the drugs that are around in this business. But I soon relented and succumbed to temptation: I started to take everything that was given to me.

"I hit the bottom when I realized that, when I was invited to a party, I seemed to be spending most of my time disappearing to try and call a dealer to score some more stuff. It's not a very good idea for a girl to hang around street corners at three o'clock in the morning. And, on top of that, I was becoming impossible to live with.

"In fact, everyone in the band was becoming big-headed: I wanted to play the guitar, Jane wanted to sing . . . we were getting on each others' nerves. The group carried on for a while but when we started the sessions for what was supposed to be our fourth album, we soon became aware that our hearts weren't in it: we'd drifted apart. I decided to quit, and Charlotte (Caffey, the guitarist) followed me."

The five girls have since made up, and the singer points out: "I'm fed up with all the journalists exaggerating our past differences. But I don't mind talking about the Go-Go's: I tell myself that, compared to all the questions Paul McCartney gets asked about the Beatles, I have it easy."

After the split, Belinda took a break. "I was shaking all the time, suffering from withdrawal symptoms – but now that's all over and I'm clean." The way Belinda smiles when she says this is ample proof just how happy

With her latest LP Heaven on Earth *a huge hit, Belinda's on top of the world, and enjoying every minute and she's looking pretty good on her success, too!*

she is to have beaten her habit.

Physically and mentally refreshed, Belinda started work on her first solo LP, with Charlotte at her right-hand side. *Belinda* was released in 1986. She started gigging again, too, supporting Robert Palmer, who'd just scored massively with *Addicted To Love*.

"When I was invited to a party, I seemed to be spending most of my time trying to score some more stuff'

Over here, though, *Belinda* sank without trace. Having resigned herself to a career in the States as a result of the LP's non-showing in Britain, the overwhelming British success of *Heaven On Earth*, released at the end of last year, completely knocked her sideways.

"I worked with Rick Nowels, who produced the record. I picked him because he was full of ideas, even though he's mostly known for his songwriting. For instance, he composed *I Can't Wait* for Stevie Nicks. Also, Thomas Dolby came in to help on a couple of tracks; so did Michelle Philips, who used to be in the Mamas and the Papas."

Belinda didn't write any of the songs on the album herself, but it wasn't for the lack of trying: "I tried, I *really* tried. I came up with two songs that weren't really that good so I went back to the songs that had been sent to me by Charlotte Caffey, Ellen Shipley and Diane Warren." The last-named seems to be a dab hand at this sort of thing, having penned Aswad's No 1 single *Don't Turn Around* and Starship's *Nothing's Gonna Stop Us Now*, along with Albert Hammond.

"I seem to feel more comfortable singing lyrics written by women. I'm sure I couldn't do something like *Sugar Walls*," says Belinda, referring to the furore this Prince song caused in America when Sheena Easton took it into the charts.

The single *Heaven Is A Place On Earth* finally launched her into the British charts on Virgin Records, thanks to an oversight by an IRS employee who forgot to pick up the option for the European rights!

Says Belinda of her big-seller: "It's a real hopeful song. The message in the lyrics is that we can all create our little corner of Heaven. It's also partly a love song."

For her recent videos, the singer called on the talents of Diane Keaton. "She's a great actress and director, and we got on like a house on fire. I wanted something a bit arty and whimsical to reflect my personality: like me, Diane is a bit eccentric, so we ended up with these floating globes. She also directed the video for *I Get Weak*, but couldn't work on any more as she'd started a film. I'm sure we'll work together again, though. And I bet you're gonna ask me if I'm contemplating a career in the movies . . ."

Well, says I, funny you should mention that, what with those winsome Californian looks, high cheekbones and all . . .

"You're *kidding*!" is the immediate response. "I'm always on a diet. Last year I lost about 20 pounds, and I've stopped eating cookies. I still jog two or three miles a day so as not to put on weight again," she says, delicately running her hand around her shapely hips – which aren't destined to become child-bearing ones.

"In the States I have an instant family. I'm the eldest of eight and I have a little sister who's 20 years younger than me, so I've had my share of looking after kids."

You're no doubt looking at these pictures of Belinda Carlisle and thinking how much you'd like to marry her. Well, imagine what I felt like looking at the real thing – but we're all out of luck, I'm afraid. Hubby already exists in the shape of Morgan Mason, son of the late, great James Mason. Definitely a very lucky man.

"It was nearly love at first sight," reveals the doting wife. "I moved in with him the day after our first date. Last year, we bought Carole Lombard's former mansion in Hollywood: I still have her footprints – and Clark Gable's – in the cement in the kitchen. Oh, and their signatures and the date on which they moved in. I have a real interest in the cinema and the architecture of the 30s, especially around Los Angeles."

We wind up by talking about singers – and, of course, most of Belinda's favourites are female. After giving honourable mentions to Patsy Cline and Dinah Washington, she goes on: "I also admire Annie Lennox, and – needless to say – I am *not* the new Madonna: she's away above everyone else. In fact, she goes to the same gym I use in LA and she's rather nice."

I mention Stevie Nicks, and it meets with a nod of approval. "It's true our voices sound alike. She's great: I walked into a studio where she was rehearsing and she really knocked me out. If only I'd known ten years ago I'd be saying this sort of thing!

"But if you really want to compare me to another star, I think I'm more like Cyndi Lauper: she's got great songs and the same sense of humour. Funny things always seem to happen to me. When I was with the Go-Go's we played Madison Square Garden – and while dancing, I managed to catch my skirt with one of my high heels. I fell flat on my back, and, when I got up in front of 20,000 people I realized I was only wearing these little knickers and a T-shirt. I looked really silly."

"I was shaking all the time, suffering from withdrawal symptoms – but now that's over and I'm clean"

Now, I dunno if that's the word *I'd* have used . . . ♣

JANETTE

Janette looks as if she ought to be stomping around in a flamenco dress with a pair of castanets, with those smouldering Latin features. But in fact, the dusky beauty actually comes from Wolverhampton. Spoils the illusion a bit, really.

"Actually, I *am* half Spanish, on my father's side," Janette told us when we'd calmed down. "That's where I get my Latin looks – and my Latin temper –

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUPERT DAINES

from! I'm *very* hot blooded, which means that in bed I'm just an insatiable maneater!"

With those eyes, we'd like to be gobbled up any day of the week. But how do all her men cope with that temperament?

"I wear them out so fast, they don't really have time to think about it!" the sultry 21-year-old revealed. "I get through men about once a fortnight, on average. You see, I like sex five or six times a day, every day, so my men need to be fresh and on their toes 24 hours a day. After a fortnight, they're knackered!" ♣

JANETTE

club

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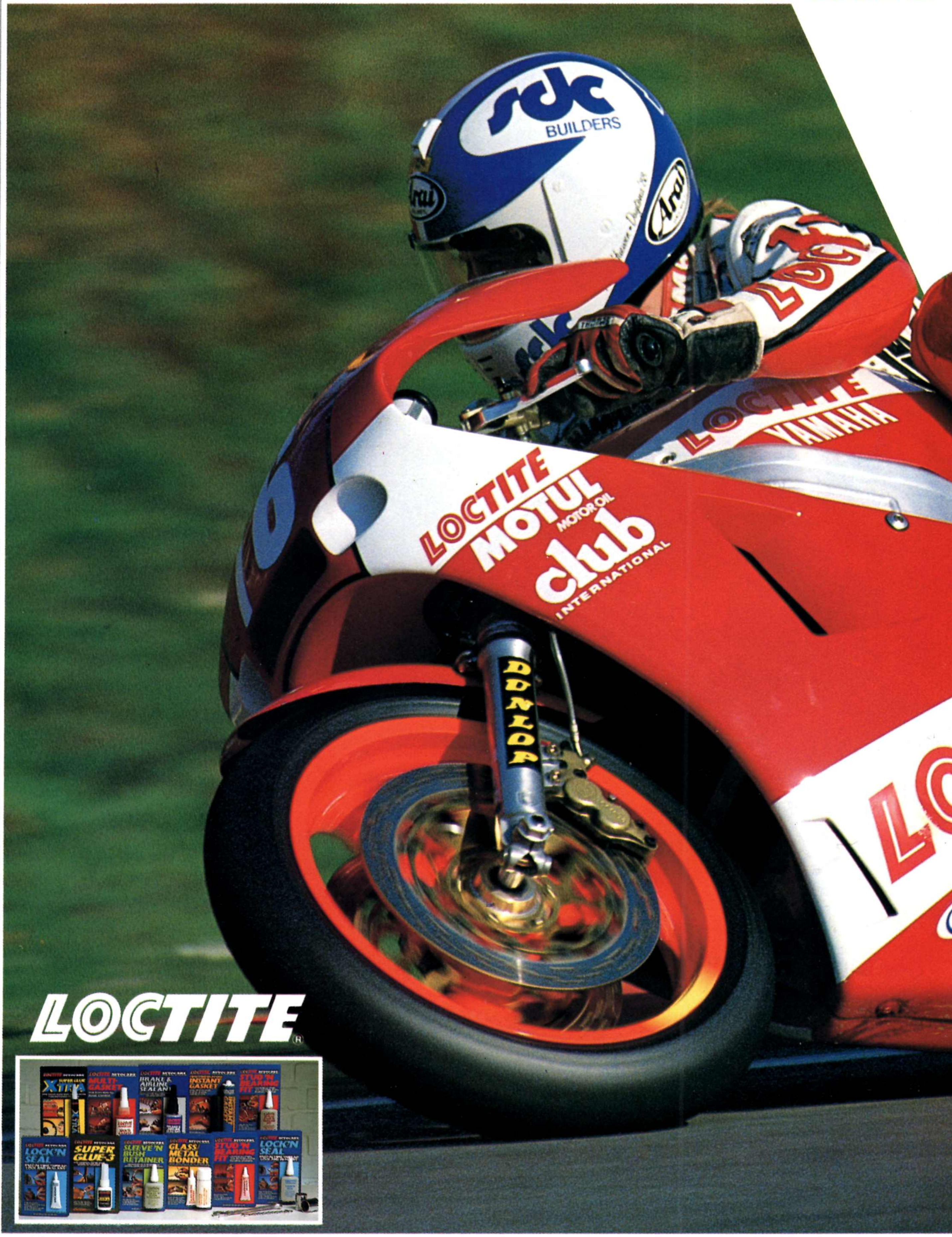

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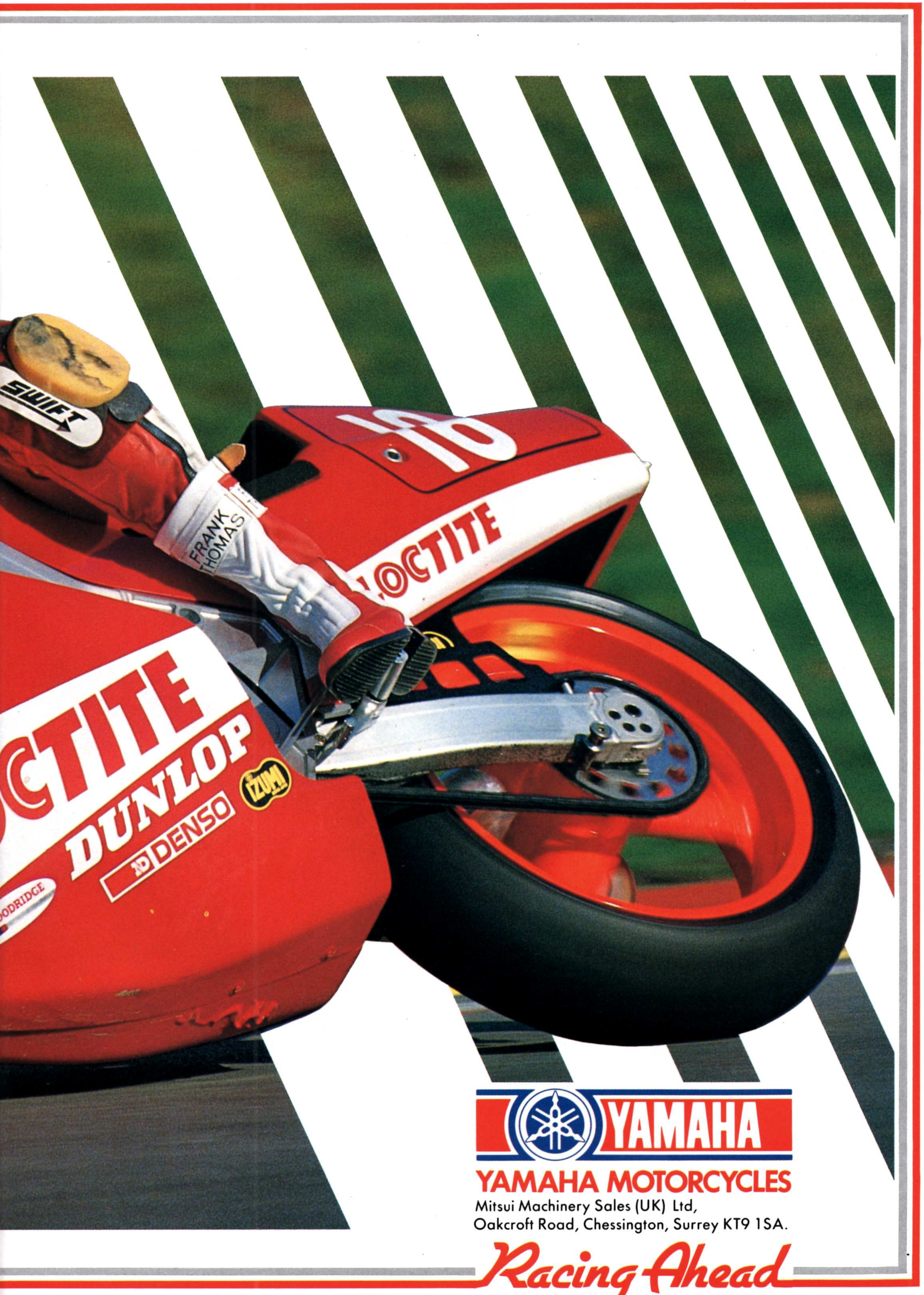
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FICTION BY RICHARD McCORY

Breakfast

You don't need brain cells to get your end away. Just luck and a sex-starved neighbour–oh, and a good breakfast helps...

He said: "You bitch. I hope your teeth fall out and your face falls in."

She said: "Screw you, pigface! If I saw you gasping on the road with your guts hanging out and your brain oozing on to the tarmac I wouldn't even bother to run the wheel over your head."

He said: "Give me the car keys. I'm going to see a woman who really loves me."

I didn't say anything. I just sat really still with my back flat to the wall and tried to stop the two empty milk bottles I was holding clinking together. When things had cooled down I could go and put them out on the front step. In the meantime I'd just sit tight in the hallway. I'd heard that it didn't do to intervene in disputes between a man and his wife. Especially when they lived one floor above you. And more especially when the lady in question was waving a filleting knife and screaming: "Die, die, you treacherous bastard!"

I don't want you to get the wrong idea about Mrs Vincenzi. She's always been very nice to me. Like last year when I was still at school. I was in the sixth form but we still had to wear uniforms. I felt a right dork. (I'd grown out of everything when I was about 15 but Mum was too tight to buy new stuff.) I'd got into the habit of tugging the ends of my sleeves to try and make them cover the frayed bits on my cuffs. I was doing that one day when I was talking to Mrs Vincenzi on the stairs and she said: "Oh Darren, how quickly boys grow at your age. It must be hard to find clothes to fit. It seems only a few months since you were a little boy, now here you are, a man in boy's clothing."

Another thing she did was always ask me about school and stuff. She liked to know how I was getting on. Specially with sport. She was a big fitness fan. I can remember telling her how I'd done a load of sit-ups when I was training and overdid it so my stomach muscles hurt. She rubbed the stiff muscles and said: "Is this where it hurts dear, or is it maybe a little further down?" and she began to slide her fingers under the waistband of my trousers, only she'd been rubbing the right place all the time. So I said: "No, Mrs Vincenzi, closer to my ribs, just like you were doing." I said: "You should have been a nurse or something," and she smiled.

You can see from things like this that Mrs Vincenzi is a good, kind person. I felt sorry for her when her husband walked out. Even though everyone in the flats knew that old Mr Vincenzi was a two-timing gutless skunk (because the party walls are pretty thin), Mrs Vincenzi seemed a bit sad when she realized that he'd gone for good. I asked Mum why she thought that was and she said: "It's better the devil you know," and looked at my Dad in a funny sort of way.

Mrs Vincenzi started acting a bit strange after her husband left. She used to stand in the open window of her flat at night without anything on but the light, staring out into space. When the moon was full she'd howl a bit but most of the time she just stood there. Seeing her poor little nipples all puckered with cold, and the wind touching her in places nobody should but her husband, I thought it was very sad and poetic.

You may have guessed that I've got a bit of a crush on Mrs Vincenzi. Actually I've been in love with her since I was nine and she was a bride of 18. People think that if you've got a handsome face and muscles and stuff you've got no finer feelings. I've overheard girls I know saying things like: "Darren, cor, would I! But then the bloke's as thick as shit, you'd never guess he was 18." That hurts, and so I give girls a wide berth, but Mrs Vincenzi's different. I knew she'd appreciate the poetry in my soul because her soul was the same, and because we had the same problem. She also knew what it was like to have people look at your body, like what they saw and not look any further.

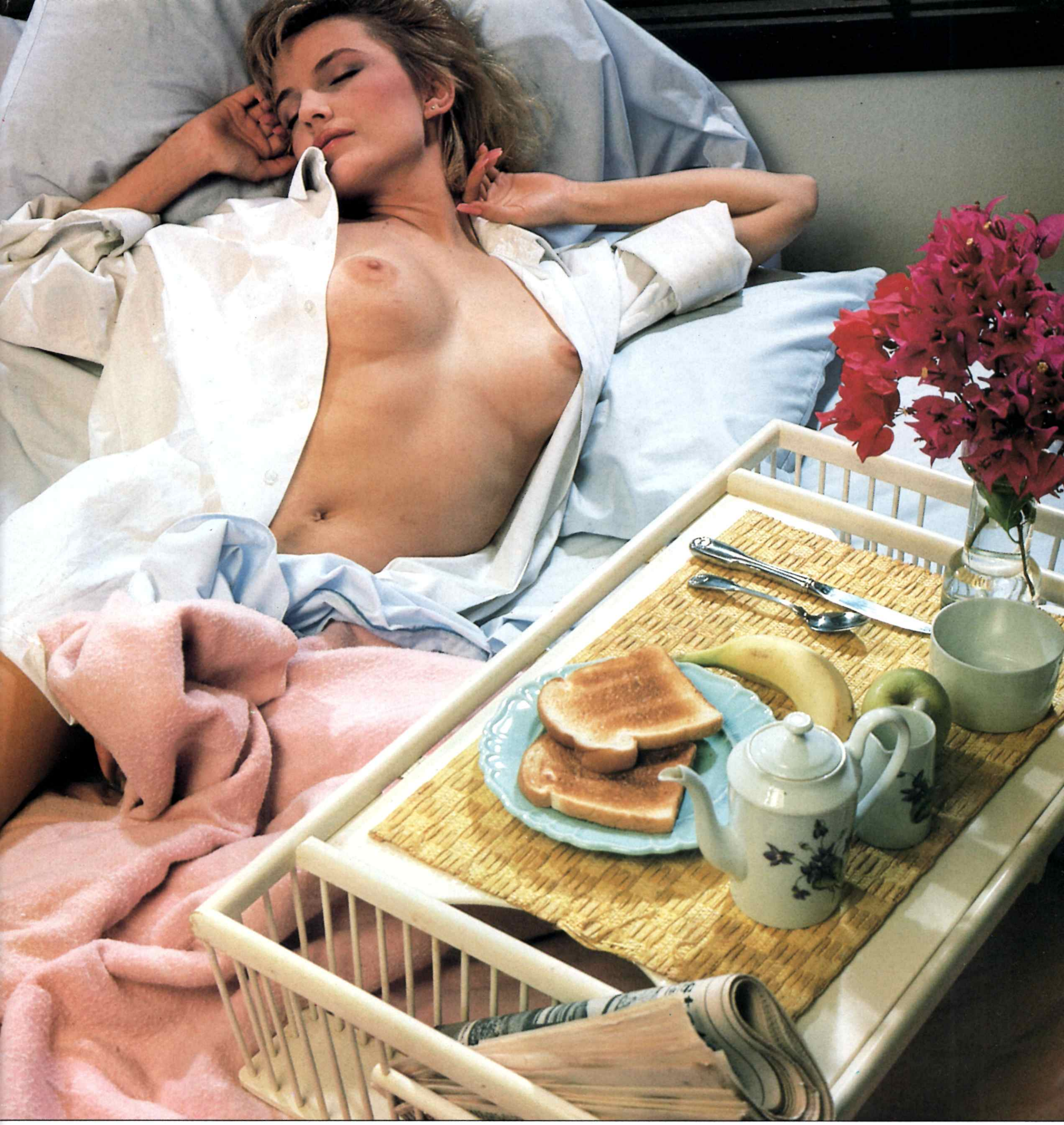
I knew it was my job to cheer up Mrs Vincenzi. It was just a question of how. I wanted to show her that she was much too good to be feeling sad over losing someone as low as Mr Vincenzi (who had even been to bed with my mother, and so, clearly, didn't have a lot of style).

It was an advert that gave me the idea. If someone you loved had a birthday or something, this company would send a messenger round to bring them breakfast in bed. A bottle of champagne, a single red rose, croissants, really classy stuff. I couldn't afford to get the company to do it but thought I could make up a basket of things and bring it round myself. We had a bottle of champagne somewhere; I'd seen it.

One Sunday I took the basket round and rang her doorbell. She looked pleased to see me and not sad at all. In fact she looked exactly like her old self except for having no clothes on, and I pretended not to notice that because I didn't want to embarrass her.

"A messenger brought this for you, Mrs Vincenzi," I said. "Only he took it to our flat by mistake." She took the basket and read the card. "Darren," she said, giving me a really big smile, "a present. What a sweet thing to do."

"No," I said, "it's not from me." But then she pointed out how I'd signed my name just under where I'd written



"From A Secret Admirer".

"It's breakfast," I explained. "So I see," she said. "Come inside, Darren. You can heat up the croissants for me." She said *croissants* with a proper French accent, rolling the r.

She turned and walked down the long hall towards the kitchen. There's something quite different about the way women walk – different from men, I mean. And I'd never noticed it quite so much as when Mrs Vincenzi walked down that hall. There were two distinct movements. One went from side to side. She had a little waist and then came out quite abruptly: and then this bit, this round bit which I won't name because of Mrs Vincenzi being a lady and everything, swung slowly left, right, left, right and I began to feel like I was being hypnotized.

With her long legs scissoring forward as she strode along with the basket and the swinging from side to side and the faint jiggle up and down, Mrs Vincenzi was moving in three different directions all at once. At the same time, she was saying: "Darren, this doesn't embarrass you, does it?" and I said: "Mrs Vincenzi, there's nothing embarrassing about the human body unless you've got an unclean mind. The human body is a beautiful and natural thing. Especially yours."

We were in the kitchen by then and she unwrapped the basket and took out a long-stemmed red rose. Then she bent to get a vase out from the cupboard under the sink. She didn't bend her knees, she just dropped from the waist. She had her back to me and seeing her like that, pink and moist and open, I concluded that Mrs Vincenzi was less shy about the natural human body than anyone I had ever met. Even less shy than my brother Roger, who's been known to stick his bare bum out of a car window after two halves of mild.

Mrs Vincenzi put the rose in its vase of water. Then she took the pink ribbon from round the basket, swept her long hair up and tied the ribbon round it. As she raised her arms her breasts lifted. Funny things, breasts, I thought, watching them; soft and white and smooth and heavy looking. I had a strange impulse to put one in my mouth. I never thought of things like that normally.

I put the croissants in the oven to heat and Mrs Vincenzi opened the champagne. There was a loud bang as the cork popped out and hit one of the kitchen cupboards. I got covered with champagne, all over my T-shirt and my jeans.

I thought she'd be really pissed off because that was about a third of the bottle gone, but she was in such a good mood she wasn't going to let it get her down. She just said: "Take them all off, Darren," and I figured it was silly to be shy with someone as uninhibited as Mrs Vincenzi so I did what I was told. She looked at me. She could see little golden droplets of champagne still clinging to my body. She wasn't going to waste any.

She put out her neat pink tongue and licked a drop off. Then another. She was very thorough. Her tongue rasped slightly like a cat's. She got even more thorough as she got to where most of the champagne had gone. She was slow and careful. She ran her tongue along the line where my body met my left leg, then along the same place on the other side. Then her whole wide red mouth slipped over my cock, sliding up and down, her lips shielding me from her strong white teeth. She went deeper each time, diving and rising, plunging deep to where her throat felt tight and soft. I twisted my fingers in her hair and the ribbon came off. I was having a lot of trouble breathing.

This may all sound very odd to you, especially with her being such a lady and all, but I just thought: "Well, Darren, she's older than you and she seems to know what she's doing. Why don't you just go along with it and see what happens?" So I did, and all sorts of things happened.

> She thrust down hard, grinding her hips into me

She pulled me down so that I was lying on my back on the black and white tiled floor of the kitchen and she got down with me, only facing the other way around. She crouched over me on her hands and knees, her hands either side of my hips, her knees beside my head and her gorgeous mouth buried in my crotch again while her tongue continued to lick and stroke and coax.

I had my eyes screwed up tight at first 'cos I was really concentrating. But then I opened them and I was glad I did. I looked at her smooth pale thighs, spread wide: her soft round arse just there, inches above my head and moving as the motion of her mouth sliding up and down the length of my cock made her body rock; I looked at the glossy black curls.

I raised one hand and I brushed the curls gently. They sprang back. She made a little sound; just an intake of breath. Then I ran a finger from the curls along the moist, pink, open part of Mrs Vincenzi and she moaned and I did it again. I stroked her first experimentally with one finger, then with my whole hand. She felt sticky, slippery. It was intriguing. I drew away slightly to get a proper look at her and she took her mouth from my cock and rested a while, settling herself comfortably, her cheek resting low down on my belly, her arse in the air.

She stroked my thighs in an absent minded way, running a fingernail along them and between my legs. She was absorbed in what was happening to her at my end. She wriggled her hips.

I looked at her very carefully, looked at the way she was made; the pale fleshy outside lips, the darker inside ones. Where they met was a little bud, dark pink, and I spiralled a finger round it and her breath came quickly. She spread her legs even wider. I slid a finger up inside her. She was wet. It felt like a tiny mouth in there. She was sucking gently at my finger. What would it be like to push my cock in there, where it was dark and warm and tight?

The heel of my hand pressed on a bone and as I moved my hand, cupping her, feeling the smooth hair, the slippery silky flesh and the tightness of her round my finger, her body moved with me. She rocked. She got fiercer and fiercer, pressing down hard against my hand, grinding herself against it, biting my hip, then she cried out; a dry throaty sound. She shuddered and pulled away, then rolled off to lie beside me, curled up like a cat.

I stroked the sole of her

continued on page 98

WE AIM TO PLEASE
SUPERIA SUPER SAVERS

240 PULSATOR
The perfect male companion for exhilarating stimulation. With built-in vibrator, it is made in top-quality latex to completely encase the penis. The additional air-grip pump gives a unique pulsating action. £16.50

104 108 117 106
FOUR NEW TORMENTORS

De Luxe Mini Mystique 104
6 inches long, with luxurious deep 'gold' head and simulated leather base. Sensuously torpedo shaped. Very handsome yet discrcet. Variable control. £4.75

Firefly 108
Put a little light into your sex life with this 'glowing head' light-up vibrator. The whole head lights up and gently warms while the multi-speed switch controls the intensity of vibrations. £7.60

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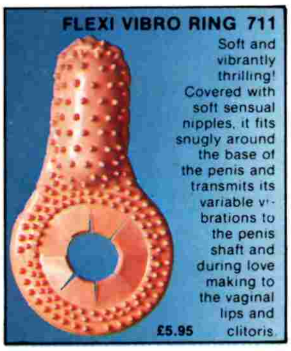
Much more than just a vibrator! Firstly it is almost 10" long from the torpedo shaped tip to the multi-speed control at the base. Beneath the tip is a band of fine ribs preceding deep ripples that run almost the rest of its length. All this, together with a high degree of flexibility and firmness, to take you into new realms of ecstasy. £8.75

NON DOÇTOR 191
De Luxe version with 4 heads and 3 sleeves
Universally the most popular vibrator with MULTISPEED control enabling both the speed and intensity of the vibrations to be adjusted to suit the mood. It comes with 4 interchangeable heads and 3 sleeves for maximum versatility. The complete kit, including batteries, is only £7.50



FLEXI VIBRO RING 711
Soft and vibrantly thrilling! Covered with soft sensual nipples, it fits snugly around the base of the penis and transmits its variable vibrations to the penis shaft and during love making to the vaginal lips and clitoris.
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737 738 739 740 741 742 743
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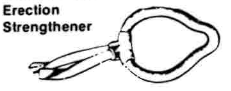
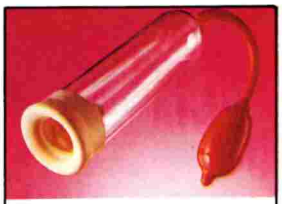
Seven special clitoral/vaginal stimulators specially designed to increase female arousal during intercourse by the gentle brushing of the clitoris and vaginal lips, while helping to prolong the male's erection. £1.95 each
(751) Selection of 3 £5.00
(753) All 7 £9.50



MENFIT 772
Erection Strengthener
Possibly the best device yet produced for maintaining a firm erection. Pressure and size of ring can be adjusted to suit every individual requirement £3.50

FINGER & THUMB 152
Double action excitement! The Finger gyrates and gently vibrates. The thumb has its own powerful vibration which can hit the right spot. Both actions can be enjoyed together or independently. There is a multi-speed control built into the separate power unit. It's top of the vibes! £8.50



PENIS DEVELOPER 212
Asserted by leading sexologist Dr Robert Chartham to be the only tested mechanical appliance that proved successful for enlargement to the male organ. Do not be deterred by our very low price – this developer is the latest model, with variable-size cuff to ensure a perfect fit and comes complete with full instructions and lubricant. **FREE** copy of Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Penis Enlargement included. £9.95

PENIS STRETCH 233
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THE PENIS 576
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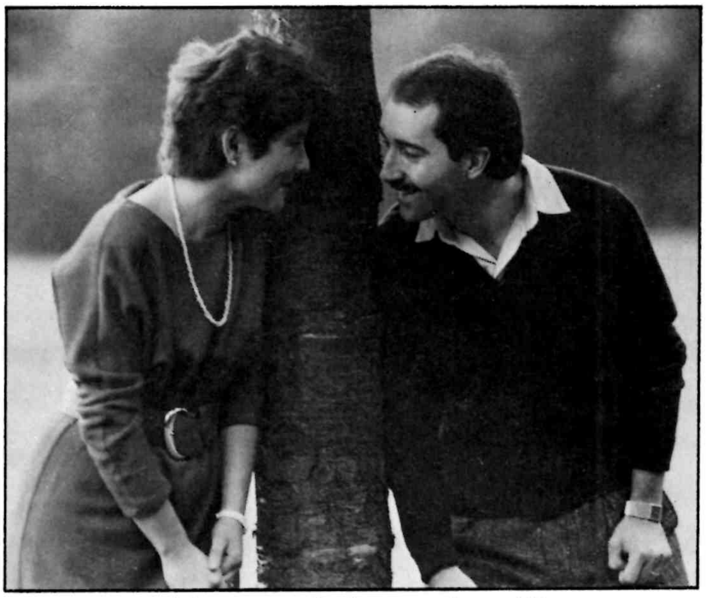
SUPERIA SUPPLIES LTD., (CI) P.O. Box 424, Hove, East Sussex, BN3 1EU

SUPERIA SUPPLIES (CI) LTD. P.O. Box 424, HOVE, East Sussex BN3 1EU

In 21 years Dateline introductions have been the start of many, many thousands of Love Stories…

Some of these 'Love Stories' you will have read in our advertisments, but a new book, 'All You Need is Love', published by Sphere, fully illustrates Dateline's role as a modern matchmaker through many more true stories of people who were looking for someone special to share their lives, and were happily, amusingly surprisingly matched by Dateline.

Many tens of thousands of people of all ages and occupations, from all over the country, join Dateline every year looking for someone to love. They want to meet someone with the same hopes, ambitions and interests as themselves, and are simply not meeting them socially or at work. Dateline opens up a whole new world of compatible people; people who could be living very close to you, but who, without Dateline, you might never meet.



'Are you being serious?'

Was Lorraine's answer to Gary when he went down on one knee to propose in the middle of a nightclub. It was only three weeks after their first meeting, but she did say 'yes!' Oddly enough Gary had been a member of Dateline almost a year when Lorraine's name appeared on his list, but his name had been given to her six months before, and she hadn't bothered to contact him as quite a number of young men were already phoning her. Very little time elapsed before they found they were compatible and happy together, and a year after that impulsive proposal, they were married.

You too can find love

**A Sphere paperback available from newsagents and bookshops at £2.50.*

FREE BOOK!

All You Need Is Love

- When you join Dateline you choose the sort of person you wish to meet and the area they should come from, and as the **largest and most successful dating agency in the world,** Dateline has the membership to provide that special person you are looking for.
- Joining Dateline is **simple and inexpensive;** we guarantee our service. We are the most experienced, reliable and professional dating agency, and we care that your membership is successful, so you are welcome to phone us at any time; or simply call in and see us.

If you would like to know more about how Dateline could find love for you, and also receive your FREE copy of 'All You Need is Love', complete this coupon today and post it to: Dateline, 23 Abingdon Rd., London W8 6AH. Tel: 01 938 1011

I am seriously interested in learning more about Dateline and how you can help me find my perfect partner…

Please send me FREE and without obligation

- My free copy of 'All You Need is Love' (while stocks last)
- The results of my 'Free Computer Test', giving details of just one of the Dateline members who are compatible with me.
- I am over seventeen and not already a member of Dateline.

I enclose 3 first class stamps to cover post and packing

FREE COMPUTER TEST to Find Your Ideal Partner. Dept.B69

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Do you consider yourself:

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Extrovert ☐ Outdoor type ☐
Adventurous ☐ Creative ☐
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Indicate which activites and interests you enjoy by placing a ✓ in the appropriate box. If you dislike any activity, put ✗. If you have no preference, leave the column blank.

Pop music ☐ Politics ☐
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Travelling ☐ Philosophy/Psychology ☐
Cinema ☐ History/Archeology ☐
Good food ☐ Conversation ☐

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Your age years
Age you would like to meet Min Max
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Send today to: Dateline, Dept B.O.R.
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London W8 6AH
01 938 1011

Dateline

SUSiE

Tattoos are something you either love or hate – and our tasty young model Susie *loves* them. She had her first one done when she was only 16, and wants to add to that as soon as she can. "They're a great excuse for wearing as little as decently possible, so I can show them off," she told us, demonstrating it in front of our very eyes. "Well, any excuse really!" When you look like Susie, you don't *need* much excuse. But aren't tattoos a bit of an

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE COLBY

unusual interest for someone so young and fresh-faced? "No, 'cos I come from Hong Kong, and it's quite usual there for people of all ages to have tattoos. That's where I got my relaxed attitude to sex from, too! The Chinese

are pretty open about their bodies, so that's how I learned to show mine off so well. I may look fresh-faced but I'm definitely not innocent! You can tell from my pictures that I love to tease – it really gets me going to know that I can get a man so excited that he can't hold back. Then I surprise him by showing him just how innocent I'm not!"♣

READERS OFFER, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN.

ADULT SEX MAGS

ALL NEW!

COMPUTER DESIGNED SEX TOYS FROM THE FAR EAST ★ ADVANCED SEX GUIDES FROM THE USA

ALL ADULT!

84" TINA SMALL VIDEOS FROM EUROPE ★ EXPLICT SEX GUIDES

ALL EXCITING!

DIRECT CONTACT MAGS FROM THE UK ★ VIDEO EXPOSE

A completely new range of exciting sex products from around the world. Top quality-low prices.

WARNING
All items featured in this advertisement are expressly 'Adult Only'. Do not purchase if you think they might offend.

1. TITANIC TINA 84" VIDEO

VHS & BETA ONLY (VISION X)

makes them the biggest pair of swingers in the world. What she can do with them and what you could do with them is all on video.

SPECIAL READER PRICE £34.95

TINA SMALL VIDEO
★TITANIC TINA 84"★

SEX GUIDES

2. SEX LIVE LETTERS BOOK. Genuine letters from real people telling all about their devious sexual behaviour, and what they would most like to do.
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3. SEXUAL POSITIONS. Packed with full colour photographs showing in vivid detail every sexual position you could ever imagine.
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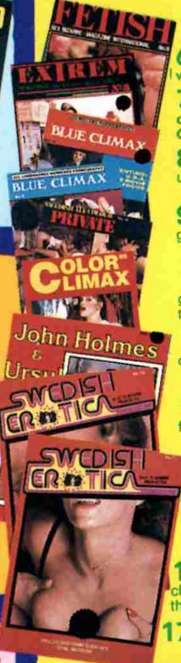
4. ADVICE TO MEN BOOK. Sexual problems effect most men usually caused by stress or overwork. You can solve these problems with the right advice and get back to screwing on a regular basis. **SPECIAL READER PRICE £1.50**

5. TAKE ALL 3 SEX GUIDES FOR ONLY £19.95

SEXUAL POSITIONS
A PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE TO PLEASURE AND LOVE
THE SEX LIFE LETTERS
advice to MEN

ADULT SEX MAGS



6. FETISH MAG. A bizarre, vulgar sex magazine in full colour dictatorial, with equipment. **READER STAR PRICE £9.95** (SOHO PRICE £24)

7. EXTREM MAG. More dictatorial equipment plus giant dildos, group orgies, oral. Extreme action with lots of close-up details in full colour. **CUT PRICE READER OFFER £9.95** (SOHO PRICE £24)

8. BLUE CLIMAX MAG No. 4. Packed full of the best lesbian action plus uniform sex, hetero group action including oral and the best of American blue movies.
READER OFFER PRICE £6.95 (SOHO PRICE £15)

9. BLUE CLIMAX MAG No. 9. Stacked with male/female sex action that goes all the way in front of the camera plus lots of 3 girl action. And motor bike sex.
SPECIAL READER PRICE £6.95 (SOHO PRICE £15)

10. SWEDISH ALL-COLOUR PRIVATE No. 14. Features 6 girl orgy, girls lingerie sex party, full entry male/female sequences. Packed with lust and sex throughout. **READER LOW COST PRICE £8.95** (SOHO PRICE £20)

11. COLOR CLIMAX. Stuffed with giant boobs, 2 girls bathtime — lots of soap! Full sexual entry, plenty of group sex and all girl sex.
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12. BIG JOHN HOLMES & URSULA. Big John pumps Ursula and her friend as they both take on the biggest tool in the world. Plus the "bad girl" section
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15. SWEDISH EROTICA No. 70. Packed with oral sex plus Roman orgy, Fireman group entry, lesbo action. Fantastic close-up camera detail.
SPECIAL READER PRICE £8.95 (SOHO PRICE £20)

16. SWEDISH EROTICA No. 71. Sex orgy in a sex shop, the masked chopper, the blonde sexpert and the blonde bombshell who loves it all ways, all at the same time. **REDUCED READER PRICE £8.95** (SOHO PRICE £20)

17. TAKE BOTH SWEDISH EROTICA No. 70/71 FOR ONLY £13.95

SEX TOYS — All New Products

28
29
31
30
32
33

28. FOUR WAY VIBRATOR.
A vibrator with variable speed and a selection of 4 different heads to suit your needs — includes batteries.
REDUCED READER OFFER £16.95.

MAGIC TOUCH VIBRATOR.
A personal vibrator with a purpose shaped soft vibrator cover designed to arouse the excitement spot.
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READER OFFER PRICE £24.95.

CONTACT MAGS

latest editions

NEW
Come Together
Adult Contacts
Adult Meetings
THE EXECUTIVE MEN'S LADIES DIRECTORY

18. COME TOGETHER. You want to make contact with like minded swingers? It's packed with pictures, addresses and telephone numbers for easy contact. **READER PRICE £1.95**

19. EXECUTIVE MEN'S AND LADIES' DIRECTORY. Packed from cover to cover with uninhibited photographs, detailed descriptions and direct contact by phone if you are in a hurry!
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20. BOTH CONTACT MAGS PLUS 4 OTHERS (SIX IN ALL) ONLY £14.95.

21. THE DARING EXPOSE OF FLEET STREETS TOP MODELS ON VIDEO

THE STUNNERS
DEBEE ASHBY & LU VARLEY

FROM SUNDAY SPORT

- *MEGABOOB STARS — 38'' DD like Debee Ashby & Lu Varley.
- *TOP SEX STARS — like Zeta revealing all.
- *NAUGHTY NEWCOMERS — like Terri from Cardiff. A terrific 36'' DD.
- *RAW RECRUITS — like Readers wives, amateur models and there's lots of them.
- *GARGANTUAN BOOBS — like you have never seen before.

Shock expose of Fleet Street topless glamour girls and exclusive sex scandals. How new models are recruited, their first strip in front of the cameras. No punches are pulled in this explicit video Follow Sunday Sport reporters who will go to any length to uncover the scandals.

It's sensual, it's explicit, it's funny and it's very good value for money!

READER OFFER £19.95 SOLD NATIONALLY £29.95

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*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who stock a range of adult products incidental to their main business: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E7 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bullring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 237 Chapletown Rd. **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PORTSMOUTH** 62 Castle Rd., Southsea **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St

911

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15☐ 16☐ 17☐ 18☐ 19☐ 20☐ 21☐ 22☐ 23☐ 24☐ 25☐ 26☐
27☐

☐ VHS ☐ BETA (not available in V2000)

Name________________________________

Address________________________________

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I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors.

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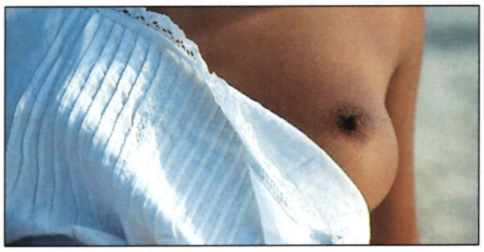
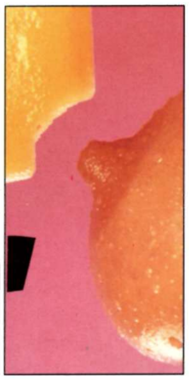
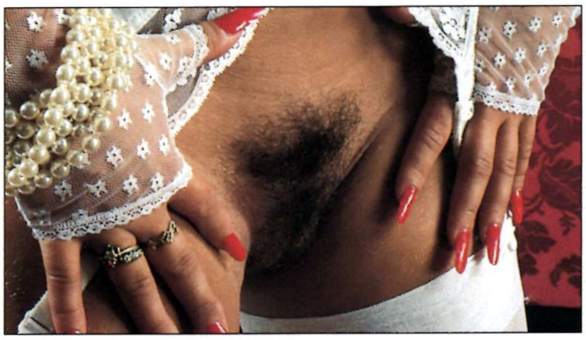
READERS OFFER (Dept CI), 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN.

Magazines only — minimum order £10. Not applicable to other items on this page or to shop purchases.

TALKIN' BLUE







This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do: we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

DANISH BLUE

First of all, I want you to understand that you must not write to me, or give out my true name or the real town I live in, as my husband knows nothing about these sexual revelations of mine, or any of the events I describe. While I enjoy many things other than my husband's love, I am not prepared to cause any hurt as a result. I hope you'll understand, therefore, my desire to remain anonymous.

Having said that, I wish to write about an incident in my life, and one which has certainly improved my married life once my travelling husband comes home to me. Briefly, I will describe myself to you. I am 36 years old, Danish and a housewife. I consider myself to be reasonably attractive. I have not, for instance, lost the essential figure I had as a younger woman, for my plumpness has been evenly distributed. My breasts, still large, are inclined to droop slightly and my thighs are stockier than they used to be.

As for the incident itself, it took place one weekend when my husband had gone to the other end of the country to conduct some important business, leaving me completely to my own devices. I am quite happy with this arrangement, hardly suffering from what other people refer rather glibly to as 'loneliness'. So, having prepared myself for an uneventful evening, I was surprised by the spontaneous visit of two of my husband's friends.

There was no hidden motive behind this visit, as I later discovered. We all know each other very well, and without any excuses whatsoever, I invited them both in for a Tuborg and some schnapps. Bent is a bachelor of long standing, whereas Jan is the husband of one of my husband's business colleagues. We had swapped partners with Jan and his wife some years ago on a few semi-drunken occasions, but hadn't repeated it, much to my regret.

As the three of us were sitting around the table, sipping beer and schnapps, I suddenly remembered that Jan had a very long prick. Indeed so long, I recalled, that I could even feel the faint memory of the pleasurable discomfort I had experienced as he took me over five years ago. The result of this remembering was that I seemed to be very quietly wetting my pants, my fanny turning very soft and wet in this process.

Perhaps Jan could detect these humid thoughts in my eyes, I don't know, but all of a sudden, he leaned over the table and whispered in my ear: "Do you remember the last time?" Did I ever! My face turned a bright red as I nodded, at which point Jan, to confirm his intuitive victory, reached across and placed a hand under my left breast, squeezing it. If anything, the red in my face became deeper, and a wave of lust flooded my belly. I felt ever so heavy in the seat, and I could feel my juices seeping into my pants.

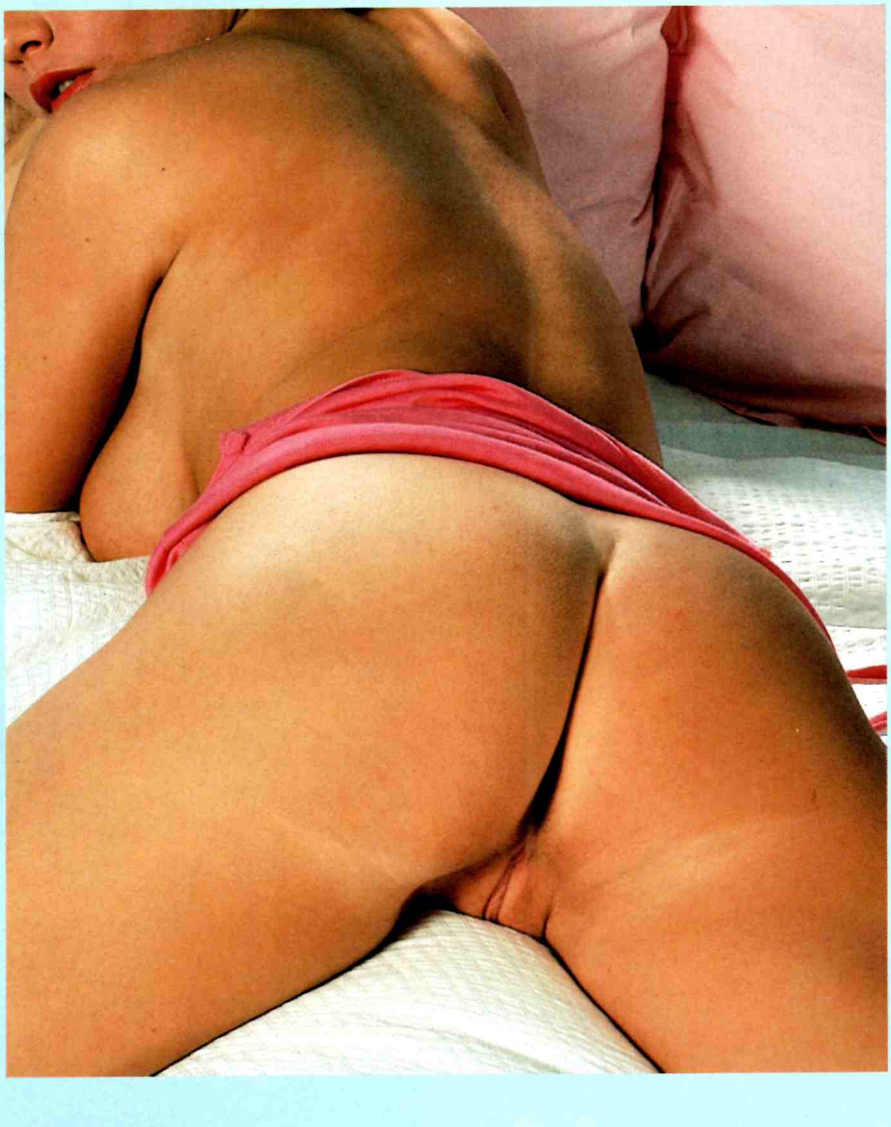
Bent fell completely silent as he watched what was going on. I don't know why we were so silent, but you could have heard a needle drop in that room. However, he was not to be outdone by his friend, thus his hand crossed the corner of the table and began stroking my right tit. I was totally unable to move or say anything. The strangest emotions were running through my mind and body, and I could only sit still and let things happen.

Jan got up from his side of the table, went round to me and, standing directly behind, cupped both my breasts from below, kissing my neck passionately. Meanwhile, Bent moved his hand down to my belly, pressing hard against it. Jan started to lift me up from my chair and, with trembling knees, I turned to face him, putting my arms around his neck and kissing him back, this time on the lips. A few moments later, I felt Bent pressing his whole body against my back, and I felt like fainting. You see, in spite of these preliminary skirmishes, I had not properly taken in the erotic scene I was part of. It was only when I felt that pressure of Bent's from behind as Jan's tongue was right inside my mouth, I realised what was going to happen, that the three of us would be going the whole way.

Much of what took place during the next two or three hours is a blur in my memory, but every time I make love with my hubby now, I have two particular incidents which make me come like a volcano every time. The first of these concerns where I got on to my bed with Bent and Jan, once they had stripped me of all my clothing and also climbed out of theirs. I was lying on my back with each man holding one of my legs and spreading them as wide as possible without discomfort.

With Bent on one side and Jan on the other, they proceeded to lick up the insides of my thighs at the same time. If you are familiar with the sensation one tongue produces, then you must prepare yourself for the extraordinary feelings you receive with two. It made me feel so helpless and abandoned. Once they arrived at my clit, each one keeping to his side of my body, I would have been thrashing around uselessly, had they not decently restrained me with their hands.

At first, it just made me feel terribly randy, but when



they suddenly found the identical rhythm, licking each side of my cunt in unison, I felt like the whore of Babylon, and I couldn't help myself any more. I exploded in the best orgasm of my life. Following this, Jan fucked me first with his long, thin cock, and though it only lasted two or three minutes, I was in such a state of readiness, I came again.

Once Jan had slid sweatily off my panting body, Bent replaced him on top of me. Unlike Jan, he was prepared to tease me a little, licking my breasts and earlobes while I felt the tip of his prick gently tapping the outer walls of my cunt. When this game had got me rampantly excited again, he plunged right in. His cock, which I had no previous experience of, was similar in structure to my husband's, perhaps a little thicker. Just the contrast between Bent's thick cock, and Jan's long thin one, made me orgasm for a third time.

The other memory, which I cherish dearly, is one that can make me come almost at will. When my hubby is working on me, I can imagine the last glorious fuck of that evening. Hubby just can't understand why I have, after all this time of making love together, a preference for being on top. Once Bent had fucked me for five minutes, he turned me around and brought me to a position directly above him. I was unable to refuse him or Jan anything, after the state they had put me into.

Once I had impaled myself on Bent's cock, I felt Jan's finger slipping into my cunt from behind, so that they scythed into me together. He whispered to me that he wanted his cock there in place of the finger. I was reluctant, because I did not think my cunt would be big enough. "Relax, love, relax. Everything is going to be fine," he murmured. Did I relax? It took some trouble to get him inside, but since his cock was thin, it went in and I was filled up like never before.

So now, when I'm sitting on top of my husband, I lean forward, resting my head on his shoulder, and then I reach back to fondle his cock, as my finger vanishes into me. Little does he know, this is the only excuse I can have for inserting it. He does not feel it, as I keep it well back. The moment it happens, I am no longer with him, but back with Jan and Bent, and I come so violently that I make hubby wet all over his belly, much to his satisfaction. – *Housewife, Denmark*

LORDING IT

In the mid-60s when I was at art college, I shared a flat with three other girls. None of us had regular boyfriends and at weekends a doddery old Irish peer we knew simply as "Lord Don" would call round with his coterie of seedy chums to show us blue films and get us drunk on his lethal cocktails, rumoured to be spiked with Spanish Fly.

The routine was always the same. Lord Don's hangers-on would wait for a particularly filthy sequence in whatever movie was showing, then sidle up to my flatmates and me in the dark and start feeling us up. I have to admit there was a certain basic thrill to feeling some beer-breathed stranger's fingers slowly creeping from your stocking tops to the wet crotch of your panties, but some joker would always turn the lights on when you were in mid-fuck. Indeed, one night when I was being screwed half senseless over the back of an armchair, eagerly watching a movie portraying several big men amusing themselves with a big-busted blonde, Lord Don turned the lights on and suddenly there were three blokes standing around me with their trousers down, eyes glued to my rude bits.

It was remarkable the way my flatmates tolerated Lord Don and his obscene antics. He was all of 70 years old, yet they had no qualms whatever when it came to opening their legs to his slobbering tongue. His dodgy drinks and his dirty films had a way of turning even the nicest girls into wanton sluts, and word quickly got around town of our weekend orgies.

One weekend the lecherous Lord D introduced us to Johannus, a handsome young officer serving with the Danish Royal Navy. His real claim to fame, however, was his enormous cock. As per usual, Lord Don got all the girls legless on his killer-cocktails and put us in the mood for naughties with a wondrously disgusting movie entitled *Air Hostess Party*.

Halfway through, Johannus came and sat next to me on the sofa, taking my hand and placing it between his legs. Curious to see whether he lived up to his reputation I unzipped him – and about 11 inches of solid prick flopped free. I put my head in his lap and commenced sucking him – as noisily and vulgarly as I could manage – throughout the film, while he fingered me off and held my labia wide open to enable Lord Don, now sitting at my feet, to wiggle his tongue around inside me and generally act like he was 19 years old again.

When the lights went on and the rest of the girls caught sight of the dirty Dane sitting there with his simply massive cock in my mouth, they were mesmerised. We tried in vain

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to get a Durex over his prick, but after the third one split at the seams we gave up being sensible girls and led him into the bedroom to fuck him bareback – and bugger the consequences! I took him on first, naturally, as I'd already lubricated him with my tongue. I couldn't get him all in, though I nearly managed. The poor guy didn't get out of that bedroom for hours! – *Cathy, Trowbridge*

EATING OUT

I'm 23 years old and I haven't been unfaithful to my husband in five years of marriage. However, on my last birthday I came the closest I've ever been to adultery – stopping just short of penetration. My husband took me to the theatre and on to a (very flash) restaurant. Sitting opposite us was what the fashion mags would call an "attractive couple": a willowy young lady in about a grand's worth of designer clothes and – facing me – her dinner-jacketed smoothie of a boyfriend with slicked-back hair and lovely, big brown eyes. I was giddy on champagne and wet between the legs and I desperately wanted his cock in my mouth. Judging by the way he stared at me, I'd say the attraction was entirely mutual.

I told my husband I was going for a pee. I waited by the telephones outside the Ladies and my heart skipped a beat when I looked in the mirror and saw this handsome man was following me.

"You're lovely," he said.

"So are you," I said, tartily. "Come here."

I grabbed his hand and led him into the Ladies (empty, thank God) and into a cubicle. Not saying a word, I stood astride the lavvy pan and hiked my skirt to reveal my stocking tops and white silk G-string.

"Lick me!" I panted as we tongue-kissed. He hooked his middle finger inside my pantie-crotch and tickled my wet clitoris.

"Please!" I begged him. "On your knees and suck my clit!"

He kneeled on the marble floor, pulled my G-string aside and poked his tongue into my vulva, frantically flickering it around as I ran my fingers through my pubic hair and coaxed my clit out of her fleshy little hood.

"Lick me there!" I said, pointing to my hot-spot. The climax which rippled through my loins was so intense I started trembling uncontrollably, and I was still shaking as I sat on the loo, undid his flies and wanked him off, his cum narrowly missing my sleeve and splashing harmlessly up the wall.

This must surely qualify as one of the quickest "affairs" on record – and according to my husband, one of the longest pees! – *Anon, Watford.*

Holiday Blues

Going down on the farm

Since I was small, I've been going every summer to stay with my aunt and uncle on their farm in Wales. They're not wealthy landowners or anything, but they are pretty well off and the farm they live on with four other families has always seemed like the height of luxury to me. They and their neighbours are all like one big, happy family, so over the years I've got to know them all pretty well.

All that time, too, I've become especially close friends with Louise, the daughter of my uncle's farming business partner. She's the same age as me (I'm 19) and they live in the house next door, so every summer she and I would go riding or watch the farm hands or play in the fields, to keep ourselves occupied. Our friendship has lasted now that we're both grown up – although last summer I discovered that Louise had developed in quite an unexpected way.

It all happened quite suddenly, how I discovered that Louise really had grown up. It was one August day, and we were sunbathing by the swimming pool at the farm, and taking the liberty of raiding the fridge for ice cold lagers while my uncle and all the others were out at a stock auction. It was a boiling hot afternoon, so we both just collapsed on to the sun loungers and chatted when we had the energy.

Soon, the conversation turned to sex, and we swapped stories of how we'd each lost our virginity, necked in people's cars, and all that teenage stuff. Gradually, it got more intimate and we were talking about fantasies, and how often we masturbated. I was a little surprised that I didn't get embarrassed talking about that, but I have to admit the frank conversation was getting me more than a little randy. I could certainly feel that my panties were getting damper by the minute.

I got to talking about all the stuff I got up to in bed with my boyfriend – we'd been together 18 months by then, and I'd let him do stuff with me that I would never have dreamed of doing with anyone else. Louise was shifting about in her chair, looking turned on and uneasy at the same time, so I asked her about her love life.

It was then that she came straight out with it. "Actually," she said, hesitantly, "I'm a lesbian." My mouth dropped open: I could hardly believe it. A gorgeous, sexy blonde like her went for other women. Before I knew it, she was carrying on.

"I always knew that I found women attractive, but I didn't really think anything of it until I had my first fuck with a woman," she explained. "It was just so much better than with a bloke. I haven't looked back since I discovered lesbian sex."

I was quite shocked, but excited at the same time. I could feel my cunt tingling, and I blushed as I realized that I was totally excited at the thought of Louise and I screwing.

"Have you ever found me attractive?" I asked nervously.

She didn't reply, but brushed her long blonde hair out of her eyes and stared at me for what seemed like hours. Then she reached across from her sun lounger to mine and slowly caressed my arm, up to the sensitive hollow in the crook of my elbow. She followed this with her tongue, licking all the way up my arm and on to my neck. I closed my eyes as she thrust her hot tongue right into my mouth and kissed me harder than any man ever had.

Suddenly I found that her hands were all over me, pushing up my skirt and undoing my shirt to rub my stiff nipples and aching boobs. My tits were so full and throbbing they were bursting out of my bra, and Louise pushed it aside before beginning to lick and suck my rock hard nipples, pulling at them with her teeth.

Her hand was right inside my panties by now, and she was smearing all my wet juices around my cunt. She kissed my eyelids and I opened my eyes to find her smiling into them.

"Touch me, touch my cunt," she said. I worked my hand down her body, as she was lying half on top of me by now, and pushed it up inside her long, flowing skirt. Even before I got to her snatch I could feel the juices dripping down. They'd formed a small wet patch on her skirt and had completely soaked through her pantie crotch. I hooked my hand around her panties and took them off.

She wriggled on to my hand, and I slipped three fingers into her waiting snatch as she did the same to me: her thumb was massaging my clitty at the same time and before I could stop myself I was shuddering uncontrollably to a climax.

She wanted the same, and I pumped my fingers into her slippery box faster and faster until she came all over my hand and her skirt. I'd never known that a woman could come so much juice, and the hot, sultry air around us was thick with the smell of it.

I was trembling, and looked up at her as she smiled at me. "Boy, I need a drink after that," I said weakly, and adjusted my skirt before making my way inside to the drinks cabinet for the whisky. My cunt felt more satisfied than ever before and there was a pleasurable ache between my legs where my clit was still buzzing.

I brought out the bottle of whisky to the poolside, where Louise was standing waiting for me. She looked so cool and composed and the only evidence of our fucking was a large damp stain on her skirt where her juice had spread, and her saturated panties lying on the patio stones.

The way she was looking at me just got me hot all over again, and a new spirit of adventure came over me. I got down on my knees, right there on the patio, and pushed my head up her skirt. I thought of how much I loved getting head, and I wanted to see what it would be like to give it. Her clit was already out of its hood and clearly visible, so I put my tongue to it and flicked it

around, experimenting with the taste and feeling of it. Louise was clutching at my shoulders and moaning, with her legs buckling as I thrust my tongue up into her love hole and brought her off again.

At the same time, my hand was at my own box and I was frigging myself frantically, till finally I let out a great animal cry and came. After that, there couldn't be any sense of restraint between us and the whole of that afternoon was spent exploring each other's pussies in ways which I'd never thought possible. I found that just having my nipples sucked and nipped by her teeth could bring me off, and she confessed that no other woman's tongue had ever given her such powerful orgasms.

We had to break off at that point, as my uncle and the others were expected back and we didn't want to be discovered. That night, as I lay in bed playing with myself, I couldn't believe what had happened. Not only had I found out that one of my closest friends was a lesbian, but I'd made love to another woman for the first time, and it had been a magical experience.

I wondered how we were going to hide what had happened from our families. The next morning was terrible, as we all had breakfast on the patio together. All I wanted to do was jump Louise and fuck her then and there – and the way she could hardly drag her eyes away from my pussy mound made me certain that she had the same thing in mind.

As soon as we could, we made an excuse to go off around the farm for a day, so my uncle saddled up a couple of horses for us and we went to one of the far corners of the estate, where we'd played a lot as kids. This time we were going to be playing in quite a different way! There was a very old tree there, which had been struck by lightning years ago, and it had always been my favourite place on the farm.

When we got there, my cunt was already tingling from bobbing up and down on the hard saddle, and Louise reached in between her legs and told me openly that her panties were soaked. She climbed the tree to look at the view, and I couldn't resist the opportunity of standing below her, with my head between her legs to sniff her juices. She looked down at me and pulled off her panties – just in time for me to insert my tongue into that hot, wet hole. I licked and sucked her clitty furiously until she had an orgasm that almost made her fall out of the tree. Then it was my turn, but my legs had turned to jelly, so I just lay back on the hot, dry grass as Louise crouched by my snatch, inhaling the smell of my sex cream as it dribbled out of my thighs. As soon as her tongue got in there, I knew we'd be there for the rest of the day.

Since I discovered the way Louise's sexual preferences lie, I've found that mine go that way, too! For the rest of the summer, we couldn't get enough of each other's bodies, and when I returned home last month, Louise soon followed. Naturally, my boyfriend was none too happy at being dumped, let alone for another woman, but I know now that I could never give up having Louise's tongue licking out my pussy. Nor could she ever get over the excitement of me putting my head up her skirt (often in quite public places) to lick her out! – *Caroline, Essex*

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BONKING with the Braddons

The week after we'd been to the party at Carol's place that I wrote about last month, Linda's cousin Janet came to stay with us for the weekend. I had met Janet a few times and really fancied her. When I told Linda what I thought about her cousin, she commented: "Well, we'd better see what we can do to make you happy."

Janet and her boyfriend Bill arrived late on Friday evening after driving down from Yorkshire. The next day Linda took Janet into town to do some shopping, while Bill and I fitted a new stereo system into his Ford Escort.

We had finished working on the car and were watching rugby on TV when I saw our BMW pull into the drive late in the afternoon. Linda and Janet came into the house laden with carrier bags.

"You've certainly both been busy," I said.

"They're only a few things we just couldn't resist," Linda answered.

"And we hope you won't be able to resist them, too," said Janet. They both laughed and looked at each other as if they were planning something we weren't to know about. I certainly hoped they were, as Linda's surprises are always worth waiting for.

That evening we had arranged to go out for a meal and a few drinks together. The girls insisted that Bill and I got ready first, which didn't take long. Then half an hour later our two ladies appeared, wearing some of their new purchases.

Linda had on a vivid blue dress with a wide neckline that plunged to her navel. The knee-length dress fitted tightly around her bum and thighs, but from shoulders to waist it hung open loosely, offering tantalizing glimpses of her breasts as she moved.

Janet's tight black jersey dress looked quite demure – from the front. It reached from her neck to mid-thigh, but when she turned around the effect was stunning. It was backless – and the scooped-out back reached right down to where the crack of her bum began. There was no sign of panties or suspender belt, so I presumed her black seamed stockings were hold-ups.

Anyway, after recovering from the initial surprise of so much boob and bare back, Bill and I both suggested we all stay in for the evening. Linda and Janet were having nothing of the sort.

"Why? Don't we look attractive enough to take out?" asked Linda.

"Of course you do. You look fantastic," I blurted out.

"Take us out, then," said Janet. "We want a delicious meal – nothing cheap, mind. And you can enjoy being the envy of all the guys in the pub afterwards. We won't let you down."

Such an offer just can't be refused, I guess. At least, not when you're feeling as randy as Bill and I were feeling then. So off we went to a French restaurant with exquisite food and prices that are best forgotten. Throughout the meal it was obvious that Linda and Janet were enjoying showing off their respective front and back. Linda's movements in particular seemed designed to make her dress hang open as widely as possible. The waiters were very keen to serve us and spent a lot of the evening hovering round our table.

"See how easy it is to get good service in a restaurant," joked Linda.

On the way home we called at a local pub where we know quite a few of the regular customers. Here Linda and Janet really turned some heads. As we sat down in a corner, our ladies nonchalantly slipped off their coats, making no allowances for the fact that their dresses

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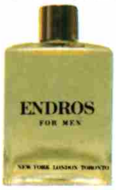

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away at Janet's cunt. Glistening juices ran down the crack of her bum and on to the carpet. Then I saw that Linda had her thumb in Janet's cunt as well. And still the pumping action went on. Janet was moaning with pleasure and still asking for more.

Obviously the idea was to get the whole of Linda's fist in Janet's cunt but, although they managed it on a later occasion, they didn't make it this evening. In fact, they didn't really have much chance, for Bill and I were so turned on by now that we stripped off and took our partners for a really horny fuck.

I chose Janet. I rolled her on to her back and, taking the chance to try her out with a few fingers first, I pushed my cock deep inside her. She was so juicy, and so randy, too. She pushed her groin up against me, wiggling her hips as if to get even more of me inside.

Beside us, Bill was giving it to Linda hard and fast. She was loving every second of it, pushing her boobs together and playing with her nipples as he fucked her.

Then, as Bill and I carried on fucking them, Linda and Janet, who were lying side by side, turned to each other and started kissing each other again. It was really wild to be screwing them as they did their lesbian act again – kissing, licking, stroking nipples, while all the time we were ramming them as hard as we could. A great time was being had by all.

Next, Bill and I lifted our two ladies on to the dining table. Linda was on her back underneath and Janet lay on top of her. They resumed their kissing and fondling as we spread their legs wide and positioned their luscious cunts level with the edge of the table.

Bill had first go. Two cunts, one on top of the other, both wide open for the fucking. First he had a few pushes at Janet's, then lowered his aim and pushed into Linda's for a while. Then up to Janet's, then back down to Linda's, and so on.

I went round to the other side of the table and pushed my cock between the lips and flicking tongues of my wife and her cousin. They seemed quite happy with the intrusion. Both of them set about licking me, their tongues working their way along my rock-hard cock with expert precision. What a team they made, opening their mouths till their lips met round the shaft of my penis. Then, as if kissing each other, they moved their heads from side to side, giving me a double blowjob. This was almost enough to make me come, but I held back.

I decided it was time to change places with Bill. He came round my side to try the pleasures of double sucking while I went round his side to try out the double-decker cunts. What a sight! Both of them gaped open invitingly, and Linda and Janet were rubbing their pubic mounds against each other almost in a frenzy.

I took the plunge – first into Linda's waiting cunt, fucking her as deeply as I could. Then I raised my cock and entered Janet's wide, wet vagina. Janet's cunt was really producing lots of juices, which were running down on to Linda's cunt below. What a turn-on!

A moment later I felt myself coming. I could hold back no longer. As I pumped my load of come into Janet's cunt, I thought I was never going to stop. The spunk just kept on coming.

Eventually, however, it stopped coming and I withdrew. The two cunts were still gaping wide and our two ladies were still rubbing each other frenziedly. I watched as my come started trickling out of Janet's cunt and dripped down into Linda's waiting hole beneath. It was such a horny sight to see my own come and Janet's juice mixing with Linda's.

At the other side of the table, Bill was shooting his come into the open mouths of the two women. When he'd shot all he'd got, we saw Janet and Linda kissing each other wildly, exchanging come from mouth to mouth. Then the rubbing movement of their bodies reached a crescendo and they had their orgasms together.

When they'd calmed down, Bill and I lifted them off the table and took them to bed. As she lay down beside me, Linda whispered in my ear: "You know, I'm very grateful to my mother-in-law."

"You mean because she provided you with such a wonderful, loving husband?" I said.

"Not at all," she replied. "I'm grateful to her because she gave us such a large dining table as a wedding present." – *Dan Braddon, Bromley* ♣

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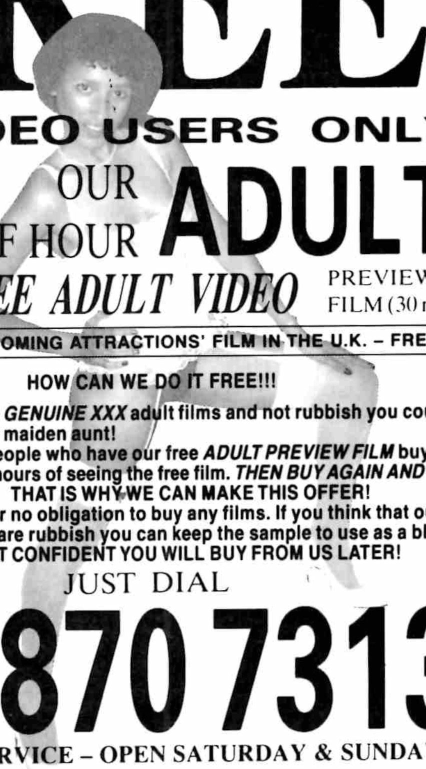

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Yours sincerely,

David Sullivan

David Sullivan (Publisher)

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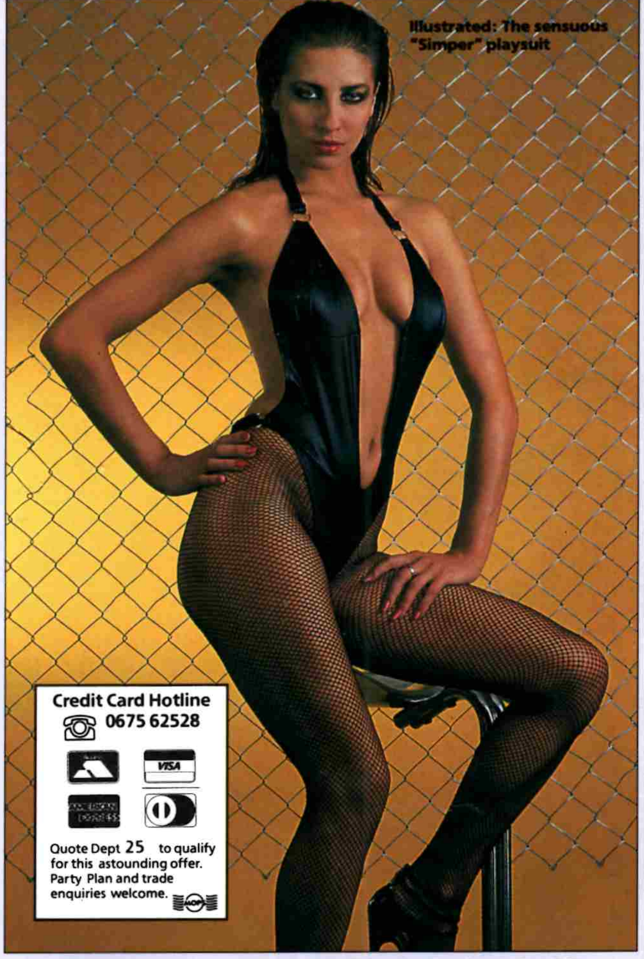
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LITTLE ORAL ANGIE – can't speak with her mouth full. Please excuse her!!! 0898 900 519.

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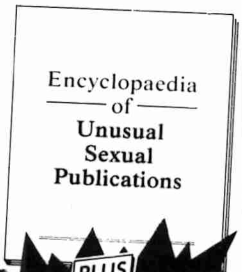

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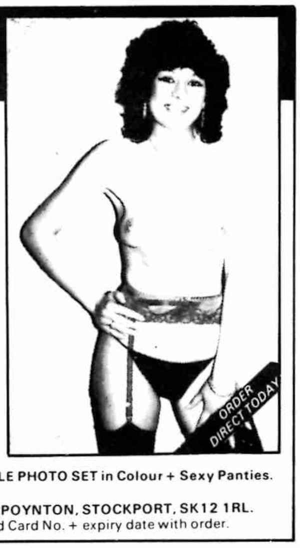

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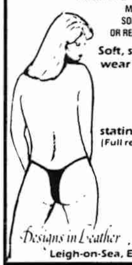

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID MUSCROFT

We can't imagine that anyone will be shedding any tears at the return of our mouthwatering Mancunian, Stacy Winfield. No, if there's any fluid going to be shed, it won't be coming from the eyes, will it . . . ? And that suits Stacy just fine.

"I get loads of dirty letters every time my pictures appear in a magazine, and it's really gratifying to know that the lads are getting so worked up just by looking at my body. From a professional point of view, I have to consider that as a job well done; from a personal point

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of view, I conjure up all sorts of fantasies by imagining just what it would be like to carry out some of the things they say they'd like to do to me.

"The only sure thing is that I'd be bloody exhausted at the end of it!" ♣

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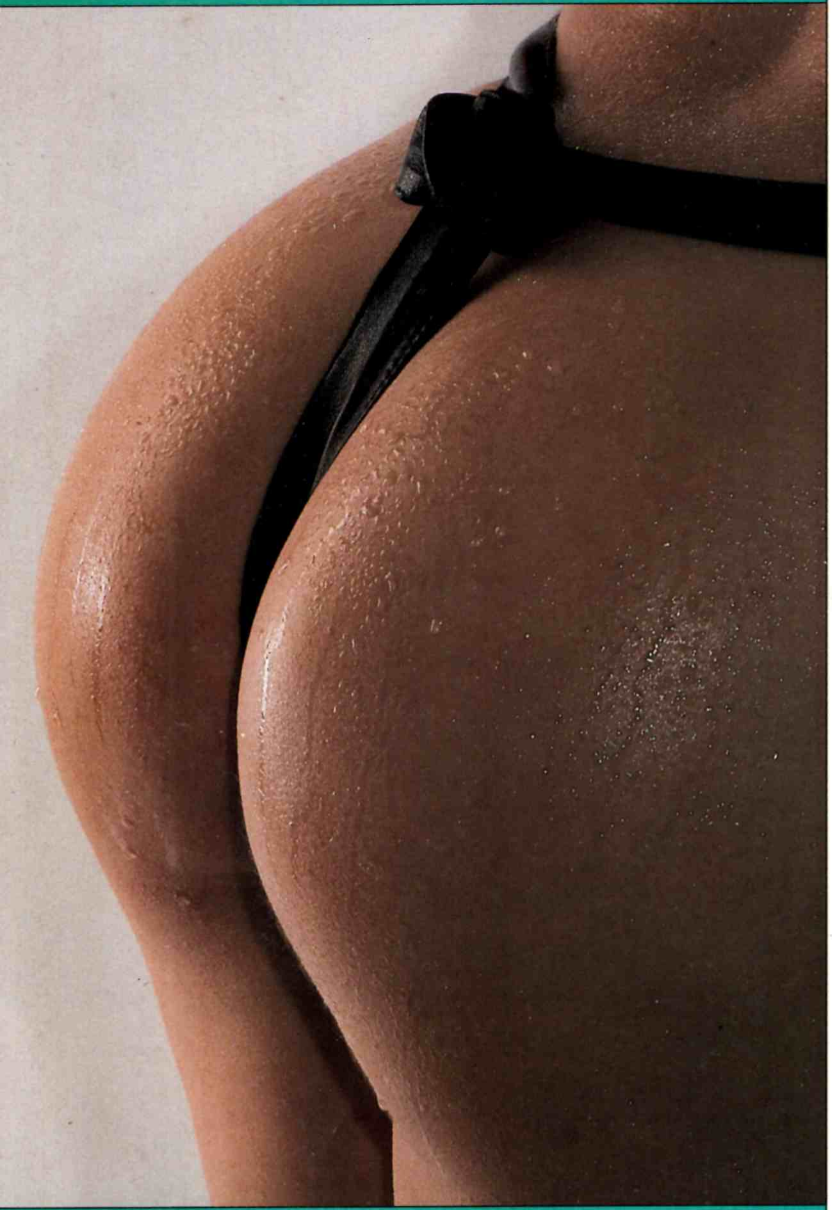

BUMS!

There's a bumophobic conspiracy round here. The designers, the writers, the office pets – every time I turn my back they take half the bums out of the magazine. Bastards.

OK, so we've got a good few bums in this issue. A "buttock bonanza", in the words of the Dep Ed. *But it ain't enough.*

Next time we're going to do it right. Volume 17 Number 9 is going to have a bloody great bum, temptingly taut, succulently smackable, pertly poised and trembling in mid air, splashed across every page. Arses, tushes, rears, butts, wibbly wobbly fleshy strokey love bumpers. Each one eased into place with loving care by Yours Truly. No messing about.

I'm rather looking forward to it, really. – Ed

VOLUME 17 NUMBER 9 – ON SALE AUGUST 18

SLAP IT AND SEE!

Breakfast

continued from page 56

foot, to remind her I was still there. She was so quiet I thought she was sleeping but it tickled and she giggled. She leant up on her elbows and looked back at me along the length of my body and gave me the most enormous smile I'd ever seen on anyone, as if I'd done something really clever and amazing.

She got up and crossed over to the worktop. "I'm so . . . oo hot," she said, giving a long stretch. She picked up the champagne and poured some over her head, then shivered. She shook herself like an animal does and her breasts quivered and drops of champagne spun out from the ends of her hair. She poured some champagne into a black-stemmed glass and sipped it.

She came and stood over me, drinking and smiling to herself. I looked up her long, slender legs. Perhaps I would have to be satisfied with enjoying the view. She put her hand between, moved it in a lingering way, then held it up for me to see. "Look, you've made me all wet." I bit her leg gently. "It's very good," she said. "I must congratulate you. Would you like some?" She was holding the glass of champagne out towards me. I told her I didn't drink and tugged at her ankle urgently: "Mrs Vincenzi . . ."

She laughed. "Did you think I'd forgotten about you?"

She squatted down, lowering her body so that her soft cunt just brushed my cock. She wriggled her hips again in that way she had. She said: "Are you enjoying this?"

Funny things, breasts; soft and white and smooth and heavy looking

I said: "At the moment it's agony."

She got up and walked across the room. I noticed that swaying action she had again. I followed her. I said: "Mrs Vincenzi, I think you're a very nice lady, and don't think I'm not grateful for everything but the suspense is killing me." I felt like my cock was going to explode.

Mrs Vincenzi sat on the worktop looking at me in a meaningful way and swinging her legs. She picked up a pair of long white gloves that were lying on the side and drew them on. She did it carefully, smoothing each finger, easing out the wrinkles. She said: "Don't you think there's something fitting about wearing white gloves to drink champagne?" She circled one nipple with a gloved finger and sipped her drink.

I got very carried away at this point and went straight up to her and put my hands under her arse and lifted her to me. I loved the feel of the soft flesh of her arse in my hands and her breasts crushed against my chest. And she must have liked it because she wrapped her arms round my neck and her legs round my waist and eased herself down on to my cock. I hesitated at her wet lips for a moment. Then my hips just bucked, and I slid straight in, and she gasped out loud. She was wet and tight. And then we both began to move and it seemed like everything I ever wanted was there inside her and I could get it if I just pushed deeper and deeper, burying my cock, pushing and pushing.

She thrust down hard, grinding her hips into me, her body bucking wildly, her head first pressed against my shoulder and then thrown back. Her nails tore at my skin. She seemed savage. She thrashed about in my arms gasping in air, her muscles twitching. These movements seemed to come from her cunt and spread outwards. It was hard to hold her close. We were both sweaty, slippery as fish, her cunt the wettest place of all.

She ground her heels into my arse. Her breasts looked full and sweet. As we moved they bounced against me. That alone would have sent me wild, without the feel of my cock pumping inside her.

It was quick for both of us. We screamed together. She said something that might have been Italian and she flopped back on the worktop and I collapsed on the floor. It was then that I noticed the smell of burning, and the thick black smoke that was coming from the oven. It seemed a shame because I had never had a croissant before and I said so to Mrs Vincenzi. And she ruffled my hair a bit and pulled me toward her, and somehow a breast slipped into my mouth and I thought that maybe the croissants could wait. ♣

ON THE RIGHT TRACK

Typical of the comments to be overheard at Brands Hatch during our visit to lend a bit of moral to our Loctite Yamaha boys were: "Cor, wouldn't mind giving that one some head!" or "Fwaaa! Bet that one goes a bit!" or "Any chance of a ride, then?"

But when Nikki and Stacy emerged from the paddock, the lads soon stopped talking about Mark Phillips' Yamaha steed and turned their attentions to the girls instead. Ample entertainment until the flag dropped, eh? Then it was all eyes on the track as Mark and Keith Huewen did battle in the crash-bang-wallop opening round of the Superstock championship, in which our Keef is the defending champ.

You can catch the Loctite Yamaha team in action on the dates listed below, and – if you're quick – you can see them (and the world's top riders) in action at the season's premier event, the British Grand Prix at Donington, ABSOLUTELY FREE.

We've got three pairs of tickets to give away for the big day on August 7. The winners will also be given VIP passes to the Loctite Yamaha hospitality suite, where you'll get the best view of the racing as well as a bit of nosh. We'll make sure you don't leave without your rather fab limited edition Club T-shirt, too. Or your own personal photograph of you with the Club girls and our riders.

What we want you to do is to study the picture you see here of Club girls Nikki and Stacy with team rider Mark Phillips, and come up with a suitably witty caption.

Just don't spend too long thinking about it, because we need your entries in by Monday August 1 at the very latest. And don't forget to leave a daytime phone number where we can contact you.

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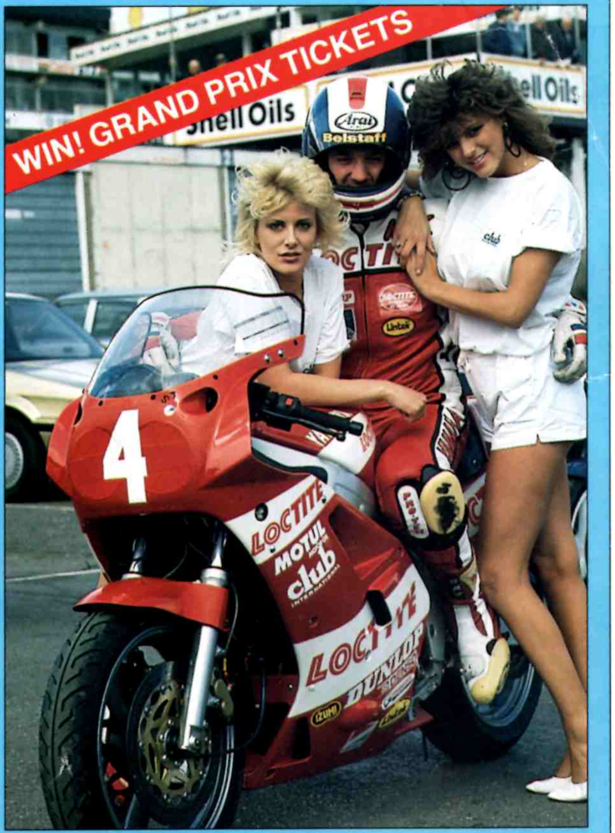

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We are delighted to announce the triumphant return of the world's most famous plank. Yes, ***Declan O'Reilly*** *is back!!*

And to be sure, it's great to be back in the Sunday Times with all the records that are making history in the here and now today. Now straight into the records, my boys!

I'll start the ball rolling by telling you about THE MAN WHO LEAST LOOKS LIKE PAUL DANIELS. Mr Colin Pin!g of East Grinstead has taken such a dislike to Mr Daniels (who also appears in the O'Reilly Book of Records under the title *MAGICIANS: World's Most Annoying/Most Resembling A Bush Baby/Worst Toupé*), he has undertaken surgery to have his ears, nose, eyes, spleen, fingernails and feet removed. Said Mr Pin!g: "I'm just so happy I look nothing like Paul Daniels. It's only a shame I can't see how unlike him I am, or hear people who remark on the fact." Mr Pin!g is six foot three with shaggy red hair.

Next up is THE MOST VIOLENT BOOK BY SVEN HASSEL. The popular German war writer has produced a number of incredibly violent books, but by far and away the most gory is *The Bloody Terror of the Damned SS Hell Death Squadron Rape Massacre*. The scene in which Tiny disembowels 14 Siberians after ripping out their eyeballs with a toothpick is said to be a masterpiece.

The record for the UGLIEST SIDEBURNS EVER is in fact shared between two notable personalities: the Spurs midfield player Ralph Coates, whose sideburns were the toast of White Hart Lane in the early 70s, and singer Alvin Stardust, who sported a historically unpleasant pair on a promotional photo for the single *My Coo-Ca-Choo*.

The MOST EXTREME SEXUAL PERVERSION PERPETRATED BY A CHIMNEY SWEEP does not go to Dick Van Dyke. The record in fact belongs to Arthur Lubricant, 73. In an attempt at anal masturbation while cleaning a chimney on top of a Macclesfield hotel, Mr Lubricant fell and impaled himself on a 49-foot brush handle. Remarkably he survived, and later commented: "I have been called the luckiest pervert alive, but luck had nothing to do with it. With practice and a slow build-up, anyone could withstand this experience. After all these years, though, it still makes your bloody eyes water."

That wraps up this month's catalogue of the bizarre facts and strange feats. I hope you'll come back next month to hear me, your host, Declan O'Reilly, say once again – it's a load of bollocks! ♣

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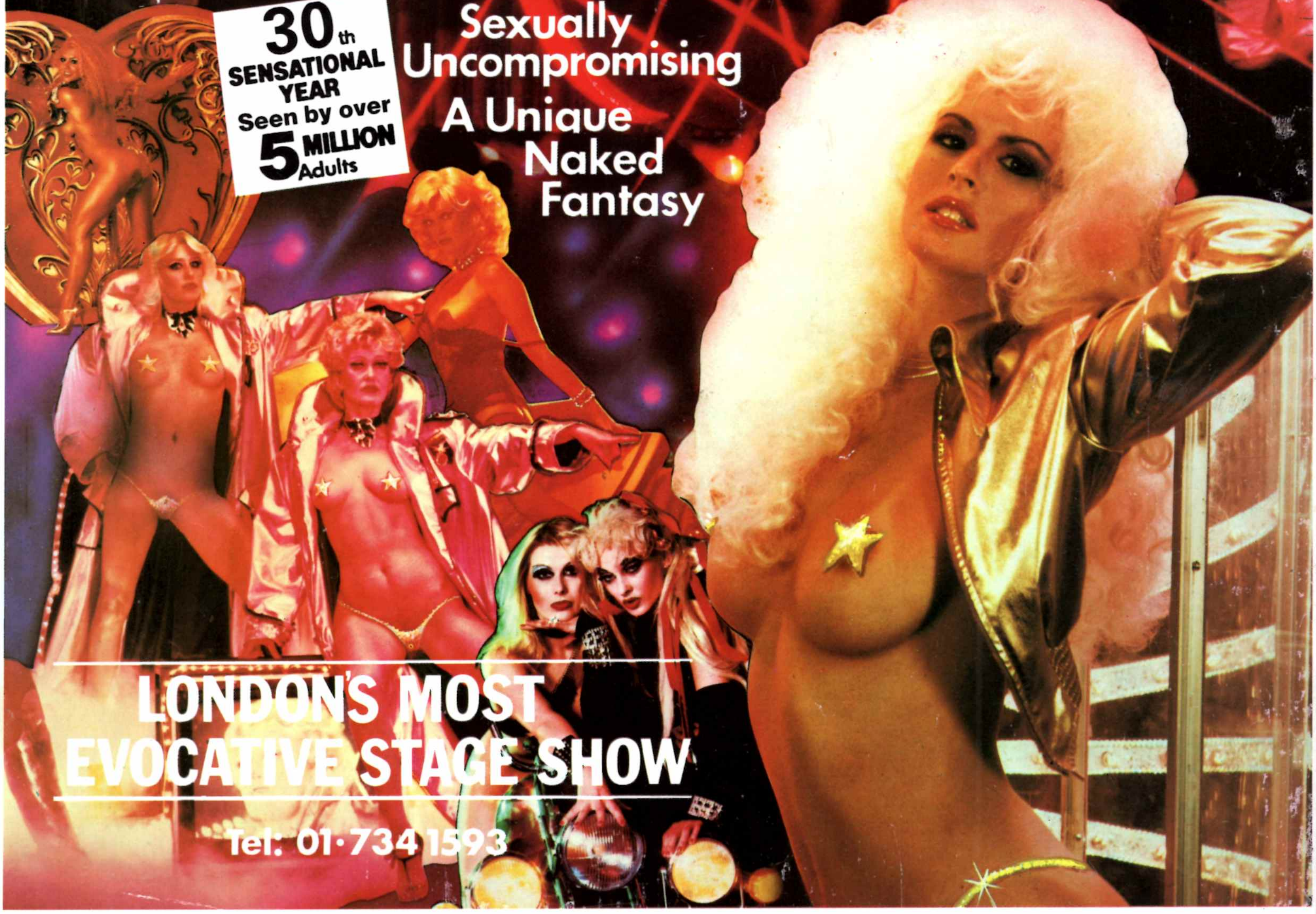

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